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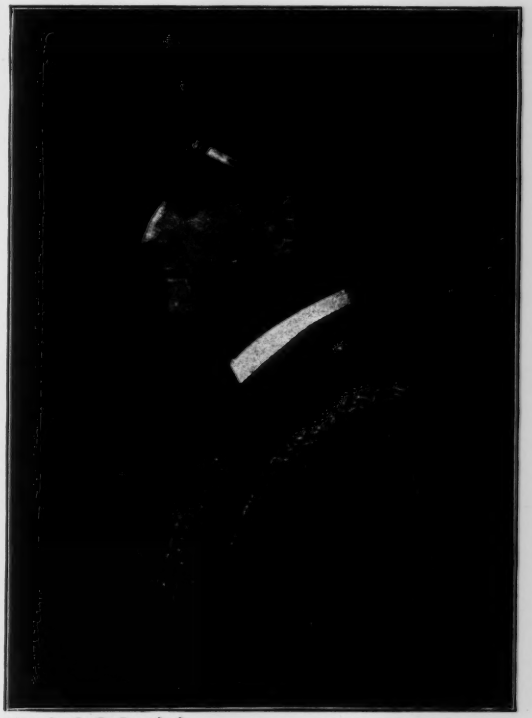

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

In response to many requests we are reprinting from our Christmas Number, and under the same title, "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock. It will be amplified to more than three times its original length and include many new names. The book, which is to be illustrated with photogravure portraits, will be published in the Autumn, but as, in consequence of war-restrictions, the edition will have to be limited, orders for it should be placed as soon as possible.

Last November Mr. John Oxenham went on a visit to those battlefields of France and Flanders over which the fury of the war is sweeping back again in these days, and in "High Altars" (Methuen) he has written a vivid and poignant series of narratives and impressions of what he saw on that journey. He was on Vimy Ridge, in Beaumont Hamel, along the front thereabouts, and under fire in Ypres. No one could look upon those scenes of devastation and tragic suffering without being profoundly moved, and Mr. Oxenham pictures them with such realistic and emotional power as bring sharply home to the reader a realisation of what the war has meant to the men who have passed through its fiery ordeals. The verses with which these sketches are interspersed have that sincerity of feeling and simple directness of appeal which have already made Mr. Oxenham far and away the most popular of war-poets. His "Bees in Amber" is now in its 228th thousand.

Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," describes how "XV myles of uplandyshe grounde" being cut through the neck of the peninsula that formed the original kingdom, did, by "fetching about a circuite or compasse, fashion the whole ilande like to the New Mone." Mr. Oliver Onions, in a new novel which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly, has taken these words as his theme. "The New Moon" of his title is England, and the sub-title, "A Romance of Reconstruction," indicates the scope of the work. Mr. Onions has written this book during intervals of leave from his military duties. He has had access to much interesting Reconstruction material, and, as this is the first work from his pen since 1914, "The

New Moon" should be looked forward to with more than common interest.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse, whose striking novel, "Men and Ghosts," was published last month, has for the last fifteen years been on the staff on the *Manchester Guardian*. He had commenced writing this story before the war, laid it aside, then took it up again and finished it, but put it away for two years before he decided to send it to his publisher. This is his fourth novel. He has published also four volumes of plays which have been produced in Manchester by Miss Horniman, and in a recent lecture, Mr. Harold Brighouse said that as a dramatist he has "a quality which definitely and unquestionably places him ahead of all others of the Manchester school." He brings the same artistic conscience to his novels, and in "Men and Ghosts" works, as Mr. Brighouse says he does in his plays, with "a scrupulous regard for psychological truth, and an emotional sequel justly proportioned to its occasion."

Photo by E. Montague Treble, Derby.

Mrs. Jessie Champion,
whose successful novel, "The Foolishness of Lilian," was published recently by Mr. John Lane.

"The Humphries Touch," a new novel by Mr. Frederick Watson, which Messrs. Collins are publishing this month, is not a serious book, but a lively, farcical story, written by way of recreation in the intervals of exacting war duties in a Government Department.

The collection of the late Corporal Alexander Robertson's poems, "Comrades," published last year by Mr. Elkin Mathews in his Vigo Cabinet series, is now in its third edition.

Lieutenant Hamish Mann, whose book of poems, "A Subaltern's Musings," has just been published by Mr. John Long, was born in Edinburgh, and became a frequent contributor to the Scottish press under the pseudonym of Lucas Cappe. He was gazetted in 1915, and a year later went to France as 2nd Lieutenant in the 8th Black Watch. He took part in the great battle of the Somme, was seriously wounded whilst leading his platoon in the Arras advance on the 9th April, 1917, and died on the 10th, a few days before his twenty-first birthday.

"The Master of Merlains," Mr. David Whitelaw's new novel (Ward, Lock), is an ingenious and cleverly written story of sensation and mystery in present-day London and Paris, linked up with a strange romance of the French Revolution. Mr. Whitelaw has completed another novel which the same firm will publish in the autumn.

One is apt to forget that W. Clark Russell was a poet as well as a novelist of the sea, and the best of his stirring salt-water ballads and verses (some of which won high praise from Watts-Dunton) are included in "The Father of the Sea," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are now publishing at 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing immediately "The Happy Orderly," some further R.A.M.C. reminiscences by Corporal Ward Muir, whose "Observations of an Orderly" is now in its third edition.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing "The Harlequinade," a new drama by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. The book will have a frontispiece and decorations by Lewis Baumer.

Mr. Henry Rayner, who has represented the Oxford University Press in the Midland Counties for more than a quarter of a century, retired at the end of March to the quietness of home life. Mr. Rayner was connected with Messrs. Rivingtons for some thirty years before joining the staff of the Oxford University Press, and thus practically his whole life has been spent in the book-world. He carries with him to his retirement the good wishes of many friends.

The first volume of "A Short History of Rome," by G. Ferrero, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Putnam.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL PRIZE POEM COMPETITIONS.

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RESULTS.

These competitions have met with an extraordinarily large response. Many of the verses sent are marred by hasty workmanship, but it is easy to understand, as more than one competitor pleads, that their writers have not much opportunity for careful revision, and in some cases, perhaps, from this cause, they gain in spontaneity what they lose in polish.

No. 1—BALLAD COMPETITION.

It has proved so impossible to decide between the merits of the two ballads which are unquestionably the two best that we have pooled the first and second PRIZES of £2 and £1, and are awarding THIRTY SHILLINGS each to Lieut. C. A. Macartney, R.F.A., of Foxhold, Newbury, Berks, and V.A.D. Ward-Maid Alberta Vickridge (Red Cross Hospital, Taunton), of 164, Bradford Road, Bradford, Yorks, for the following:

MARCHING TO ACTION.

Dim-seen before me lies the way,
  Dark stretch the fields to left and right;
It wants another hour to day,
  Yet all the Eastern sky is bright,
So quick the flashes leap and die;
And we go marching silently,
Our faces to the Eastern sky.

How fiercely leaps the battle-roar!
  Yet overhead and all about
The night is silent as of yore,
  And rank on rank the stars shine out,
With one that flames exceeding bright,
A lamp of God, a living light,
A benediction on the night.

And near me, on a grassy hill,
  I see that Form raised up to bless;
The Face that knows and pities still
  Two thousand years of bitterness,
And dark against the troubled sky,
One moment seen and then passed by,
Those Arms outstretched to draw me nigh.

O Way, dim-seen, my feet must tread—
  O Cross beside, O Star before—
The Spirits of the holy dead
  Speak to me as they spake of yore:
"Lo, this is what we sought afar,
The End to which all questings are—
The Way, the Cross, and then the Star."

C. A. MACARTNEY
(Lieut., R.F.A.)

OUT OF THE CONFLICT.

The ward is strangely hushed to-day;
  The morning nurses sober-eyed
Regard the screened space where, they say,
  At midnight, Number Twenty died.
So many weeks of weary hours
  He lay and heard our busy tread,
As patient as the wistful flowers
  That spent their fragrance near his bed—
So oft we saw, in passing by,
  His questing glance, his dreamful face,
We shall regard resentfully
  The stranger that must fill his place. . . .

What vision rapt him through the dim
  Slow hours? Like wraiths upon the sight
All common changes seemed to him
  Of dawn and day, of eve and night;
Each brought its sounds of whispering feet,
  Its faces, glimmering, ghost by ghost—
Yet scarce he left his dream to greet
  Those comers who would mourn him most.
For in his sight shone such a star
  As, after tempests loud and rude,
To sea-worn eyes foretells some far
  Relief—a port of quietude;
And, homing to that bourn, he heard
  The call so many wanderers know
From meadows lulled by bee and bird
  Where he was happy long ago—
Where simple things were ecstasy,
  And life a game among the flowers,
And every hurt and malady
  Was healed by gentler hands than ours. . . .
Not jacinth wall and golden street
  Perchance so rapt his dying gaze;
For him, Heaven's wonder was the sweet
  Lost wonder of his childhood's days;
Perchance he sought no blissful shore,
  No place with hosts of myriad blest,
But just to lay, a child once more,
  His tired head on his mother's breast.

Ah, well, to-day all dreams come true
  For those closed eyes where riddles cease;
He leaves the warring world he knew,
  And ratifies, ere we, his peace.
God rest him, then . . . but we must turn
  To face the same sad tasks again—
To tend new convoys, and discern
  The same dream in the eyes of pain.

ALBERTA VICKRIDGE.
(V.A.D. Ward-Maid.)

Theodore Goodridge Roberts,
whose spirited story of Western Canada, "Jess of the River" (John Long), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN. His new novel, a brilliant romance of old pirate days, "The Wasp," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The four PRIZES of TEN SHILLINGS each are awarded to Corporal G. Rowntree Harvey, of 84 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., France; A. M. C. Christie, Dispenser, Red Cross Hospital, Town Hall, Torquay; W. Curran Reedy, Able Seaman, H.M.S. *Southampton*, c/o G.P.O., London; and M. E. Morris, Dispenser, Red Cross Hospital, Orestone, St. Mary Church, Torquay, for the following:

A BALLAD OF THREE SHIPS.

I watcht three ships come sailin',
  Come sailin' in frae sea,
An' as I watcht I wonnert sair
  If they had ocht for me.

The first ship that cam' sailin',
  The first ship o' they three,
Brocht custom tae the painted jades
  Stravaigin' on the quay.

The neist ship that cam' sailin',
  The second o' they three,
Brocht tae a bride her true love,
  But nae mine tae me.

An' then my ship cam' sailin',
  The last ship o' they three,
She brocht a deid man tae his mate—
  O weary wae's me. . . .

G. ROWNTREE HARVEY.
(Corp., R.F.C.)

THE BALLAD OF THE FLINT.

The Flint, it was our Weapon! The Circle was our Home!
The Tors closed in around us, and we never dared to roam.
The Flint, it was our Weapon, and we kept the Beasts at bay,
  When there came on us the Sea Men—the roving Northern Free Men,
And closed in all around us, as we fled in wild dismay!

They had Knives of Magic Metal! Their beards were flaming red!
But one there was, a mighty man, o'ertopped them by a head.
He cried: "Well done, my Vikings, we will leave them limb and life,
  Take their cattle, we require them—take their wives if you desire them,
As for me, who am your Captain, now be mine the Headman's wife!"

A groan came from the People (She was our Eyes and Ears),
The Phœnician blood flowed in her from down the long past years.
Alone, she stood there fearless. "O Stranger from the Sea,
  Take back thy hand and leave me, my Eyes cannot deceive me!
It is Doom of Death I bring thee . . . so be warned and let me be!"

But he laughed a mighty laugh, and he swore aloud by Thor:
"From thy cringing mate I take thee, to be mine for evermore,
For the magic of thy presence, for the beauty of thy face!"
  Then they strode across the valleys, to the Sea Coast and their galleys,
And they took her bound amongst them, to our shame and our disgrace.

Then the Headman called the People—far and near they came in flocks,
And a mighty tempest raging, drove the galleys on the rocks.
Bruised and spent we found the Sea Men (and we praised the holy Sun!),
  In confusion there we found them, and we seized and held and bound them,
And we slew them there with laughter! Yea, we slew them—all save *One*!

With a taunt the Headman mocked him, as he cut the woman free:
"We will spare thee for the torture of the slowest death there be!"
But the woman spoke out proudly: "*I* am Priestess of the Sun!
  Come, ye People all, and follow to the Sacrificial Hollow
Where I strike the Blow of Vengeance! It is thus it shall be done.'

The Woman was our Priestess, we followed where she led
To the Secret Hollow in the rocks where Human Blood is shed.
And we cast the Victim down there—but he called her by her name:
  "Is thy heart, then, as unyielding as the Flint Stone thou art wielding?
Or is it as our Northern Iron—which melts in fiercest flame? . . ."

"I am Priestess of the Circle. To the Headman I am wife.
Dost thou understand, O Stranger, that our God must have thy life?"
And he answered: "Strike, then, gladly—since my death comes by thy hand!
  And I would thy Gods were my Gods—the only true and high Gods!"
Then she smiled—and struck unflinching! (But we did not understand.)

"O Sun God of our People, Whose Eyes and Ears I be!
My blow, it has avenged Thee—Thy Priestess now is free!
So I turn to Thor and Odin—They who guard the Northern foam.
  Let my Stranger Lover meet me! In thy Valhall let him greet me!"
The Flint (it is our Weapon)—to her heart she struck it home!

A. M. C. CHRISTIE.
(Dispenser, Red Cross Hospital.)

THE TALE OF A TRAWLER.

The *Rosebud*, out of Brixham, was a trawler, trim and taut;
She made some steady running when she left old Brixham port,
But farther in the Channel she tipped an even keel
And chanced a little measure with her skipper at the wheel;
He humoured her and smiled, oh, she'd quaint, coquettish airs,
And awkward ways with submarines that ventured from their lairs;
They knew her reputation, so they hunted her in pairs.

Her skipper was a seaman of an old west-country stock,
He may have been a little odd, but sure as Harry rock;
He knew the outer Channel nigh as safe as any chart,
What he hadn't in his head he could soon find in his heart:
He left his old-time calling for a little larger fish
Than ever nets could trawl to fill a dainty breakfast dish;
He pined for real adventures—and they took him at his wish.

She wasn't long in port before she'd make the sea again—
The *Rosebud* hated barnacles and showed it pretty plain;
They let her have her own way, so she sailed to take the tide
With creaking spars and rigging, and weather at her side:
Her skipper chuckled grimly at the chaser in her bows,
And told a few good stories of some whens, and whys, and hows;
But he never stretched a yarn more than decency allows.

Though he may have thought of danger he'd never dreamt of fear
As sometimes things looked awkward and the end loomed grimly near;
But as skipper of the *Rosebud* he learned a thing or two
Of fighting in the old way, though it seemed a trifle new:
He earned a reputation with the pirates of Zeebrugge
And played their wily cunning with all sorts of subterfuge,
So they grew to fear the *Rosebud*, though her tonnage wasn't huge.

She tripped around the Channel, till, one morn, a submarine
Turned up and started shelling, but she answered quick and clean,
And chuckled as her chaser closed and made a pretty aim:
His strategy was certain and his tactics not to blame;
But the *Rosebud* soon was beaten by a slightly better gun—
She'd a tale of odds against her when the fight had scarce begun,
But the *Rosebud*, out of Brixham, was never known to run.

So she stayed and took her chances (which weren't exactly great),
Though the dice fell out against her she never growled at fate:
Her harriers bowled her squarely in a most unequal duel,
But the *Rosebud* stood and bore it, though it hurt her mighty cruel;
Destroyers came to aid her to the pirate's overthrow,
They hailed her as she stumbled, but she quick refused their tow,
And made her way to Brixham, with her skipper dead below.

W. CURRAN REEDY.
(Able Seaman, H.M.S. *Southampton*.)

MAD MOLLY O' THE MOOR.

Have you ever seen Mad Molly as she roams the Moor so wild?
With her hopeless eyes a-staring and her dark hair all unbound?
Have you ever heard a crying like the crying of a child
As the peewits fly about her ever circling round and round?

(*Oh! Molly, Molly darling, are you grieving for them still?*
The dead have long forgotten, cannot you forget them too?
Did you leave your heart for ever with them out on yonder hill?
Forget them, Oh, forget them, there is one who loves you true.)

Did you ever see Mad Molly in the days that are gone by?
When her cheeks were pink and bonny, and her step so free and light?
Oh! her eyes were bright and bluer far than ever summer sky
As they shone beneath a cloud of hair as dusky as the night.

Have you ever heard the tale of how a sailor home from sea
Landed late one night at Plymouth with a pocket full of gold?
How he started off across the Moor, so glad of heart was he
That ere another sun was up, his love he would behold!

Did you never hear how ruffians three attacked that sailor bold?
And slipped a rope about his neck and pulled the knot so tight,
How they left him there a-hanging for his pocket full of gold?
And 'twas there that Molly found him in the cruel morning light.

Have you never seen Mad Molly as she roves across the hill
With her shawl all in a bundle like a child upon her breast?
Have you never heard her whisper: "Hush, my baby, and be still,
You shall stay and sleep beside him—but for me there is no rest"?

(*Oh! Molly, Molly darling, are you grieving for them still?*
The dead have long forgotten, cannot you forget them too?
Did you leave your heart for ever with them out on yonder hill?
Forget them, Oh, forget them, here is one who loves you true.)

Oh! you still may see Mad Molly roaming sadly o'er the hill
With her hopeless eyes a-staring, and her dark hair all unbound.
You may hear the gibbet creaking when the night is very still,
And the crying of the peewits as they circle round and round.

M. E. MORRIS.
(Dispenser, Red Cross Hospital).

We specially commend and select for printing the following ballads by Captain R. W. Jenkins, Private W. Holden, and Private Ralph A. Poulter, and to each of these competitors are sending a book by way of consolation prize. The third of these, Mr. Poulter, writes: "'The Royal Fusiliers' was rapidly written in the cellars of Arras and sung at an impromptu concert in those same cellars on the Saturday after Good Friday, 1917. We went over the top on Easter Monday."

MY DAUGHTER JEAN.

I love my little daughter Jean,
Because her face is always clean,
And underneath her pinafore
Her frock is never smudged or tore,
Tears on her face are rarely seen,
She's always good is Clarice Jean.

Of course there are some days, I know,
When things are not just always so,
When boots and buttons go awry
And ribbons make their wearer cry,
While Edna says, "You should have seen
How very cross was Clarice Jean."

But when she goes to bed at night
And Mother comes with candle light,
Stepping softly on the stairs
To hear the children say their prayers
Before they creep the sheets between,
How loving, then, is Clarice Jean.

Her flannel-trousered knees are bent,
Her hands are clasped, her bonnie hair
Lies on her neck, till she has sent
Her love to God in solemn prayer,
To Him Who listens all unseen,
And watches over Clarice Jean.

She prays for all the folk she knows,
Father and Alan far away
From where the mountain heather grows,
Pat and Pete on holiday,
And friends she's made where'er she's been
Are not forgot by Clarice Jean.

She prays for all the soldiers' lives,
The workers and the sailors stern,
The orphans, and the lonely wives
Whose loved ones never will return,
And Heaven's very still, I ween,
While God bends down to Clarice Jean.

But soon upon the pillow white
Is laid her heavy little head,
She soundly sleeps till morning light
While angels hover round her bed.
So from my heart these words I mean,
"God bless my little daughter Jean."

(R. W. Jenkins, Captain, Army Cyclist Corps, Old Park Farm Hutments, Canterbury.)

THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS IN FRANCE.

We ain't in the fighting lines,
We ain't with the guns,
We never do no chasing,
When the enemy he runs.
But when Tommy wants his supper,
And we ain't to the fore,
There's a lot of blooming cursing
At the Army Service Corps.

Our fighting ain't with bullets,
But he ain't a bally fool
Who can drive a traction engine
Or a commissariat mule.
We've got to get them forward,
Them and all the blooming stores,
Or it's what the, where the, what's up!
With the Army Service Corps.

When the engines bend their axles
And the trucks have left their tracks,
And whole spans of wicked, stubborn mules
Are turning on their backs;
When the wagons topple over,
And you can't do any more,
It's then, O God of Battles,
With the Army Service Corps.

We're a working on the wharf,
We're a toiling on the train,
We're a broiling in the sunshine,
Or a dripping in the rain,
We're a sweating in the store-room,
Or a sleeping on the floor—
It's eternal marching orders
In the Army Service Corps.

There's a lot of decorations
That we never come across,
And we've little chance of getting
Near a bronze Victoria Cross.
But they'll make some decorations
And give medals by the score
To the man who'll make a time sheet out
For the Army Service Corps.

(Private W. Holden, 732nd Labour Company, No. 1 Platoon, B.E.F., France.)

THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

You may sail to Salonika, you may tramp to Timbuctoo,
You may stride through France and Belgium, you may march the whole world through;
But you'll never find a regiment, though you search for years and years,
That can in any way compare with the Royal Fusiliers.

For the whole world rings with their deeds of wondrous fame,
Written high on honour's roll is seen their glorious name;
So clear your throats again, my lads, and give three hearty cheers
For the finest regiment in the world—the Royal Fusiliers.

Our enemies may scoff at us, and jeer at Britain's name;
They may call us all contemptible, and seek to work us shame;
But mothers, wives and sweethearts, you may quickly calm your fears,
Remember there's a regiment called—The Royal Fusiliers.

Our leaders are true gentlemen, yet brimming full of fun;
Our rank and file are the *élite*, true soldiers every one,
They're always in the forward line, and never in the rear,
For every mother's son of them is a Royal Fusilier.

(Private R. A. Poulter. Home address: 117, Russell Avenue, Noel Park, Wood Green, N.22.)

We also select for special commendation the ballads written by Bomb. J. Marley (Australians, B.E.F., France), Ivan Adair, H.M. Forage Depot (Dublin), Sidney Robert Saunders, A.C. (Dorset), Pte. A. R. Munday (Canadians, B.E.F., France), May E. Kevin, V.A.D. (Belfast), Lieut. Jack Willis, A.I.F. (France), Driver T. Norbury, A.S.C. (B.E.F., France), Sister Frances Waugh (London, W.C.), Corpl. Austin B. Kelly (B.E.F., France), Lieut. W. E. S. Owen (Scarborough), Pte. N. R. Murray, A.I.F. (Ealing), Lance-Corpl. D. P. Blunden (St. Thomas's Hospital), Sergt. B. S. Llewellyn (Newport), P. Allott (Sheppey), Corpl. C. W. Kent (Redcar), Pte. J. A. Burton (Woolwich), Corpl. W. Fielding, A.P.C. (Gillingham), K. Mary Prince, W.A.A.C. (Brighton), Pte. J. Moffat (B.E.F., France), Fredk. R. Brown, Able Seaman (H.M.S. *Afridi*), Pte. A. O. Mills (Wrexham), Driver Razzell (Addlestone), Cadet Alex Inglis (Rhyl), A. Eadie, R.A.F. (Farnborough), Pte. R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), R. Lockhart Bryden, V.A.D. (Glasgow), Pte. H. Baxter (Caister), Lance-Corpl. F. Dowman (B.E.F., France), Gunner R.W. Fenton (St. Albans), Pte. J. E. Griffiths (Wrexham), Pte. R. J. Hill (Belfast), Pte. S. D. (Egypt), Pte. A. W. Edmondson (B.E.F., France).

No. 2—LYRIC COMPETITION.

The FIRST PRIZE of £2 for the best lyric is awarded to 2nd Lieutenant Alan A. Bland, Italy (home address: Melrose, Weston Road, Gloucester), for the following:

SPRING MEMORIES.

Amid Spring's tangled traceries
All virginal she stands.
Beneath the silver feet of her
She sees the woodland grass afire
With flaming buds of heart's desire,
All drinking in the sweet of her
Like dew on desert sands.
She stands amid the foam-white trees
And beckons with her hands. . . .

I saw her stand but yesterday
Among the bursting buds,
While overhead the swallows skimmed,
And strange sweet perfumes filled the air.
Now all the earth is cold and bare,
Blue skies with sombre rain-clouds dimmed;
As past the whirlwind scuds,
Sere leaves from every tortured spray
Swirl down upon the floods.

She is gone; nor all Spring's mysteries
Can bring her back again.
Gone are the perfumed sun-bathed hours,
The grass ablaze with clustered flame,
The woodland happiness that came
When Time was loitering 'mid the flowers.
These things alone remain:
Chill winds among the coppices
And sullen hiss of rain.

ALAN A. BLAND.
(Lieut., Italy.)

The SECOND PRIZE of £1 is awarded to Gunner R. Swift, B.E.F., France (home address: 92, North Louise Road, Scarborough), for the following:

I HAE A SANG.

I hae a sang, a weel-crooned sang,
Frae mind ne'er far awa'.
A sodger aye his sang maun hae,
But I canna' sing it a'.
I canna sing it a',
I canna sing it a',
I'll touch the string an' gie the lilt,
I canna sing it a'.

O' rauckle unco' deeds it tells,
By men wha daur to fa';
O' mony a tulzie blithlie met,
But I canna sing it a'.
I canna sing it a',
I canna sing it a',
I mind the wae o' war too weel,
I canna sing it a'.

It's whiles a sang o' memories
O' glen an' birken shaw—
The lassie wi' the twa bright een,
But I canna sing it a'.
I canna sing it a',
I canna sing it a',
There's mony a lover's heart-kept word—
I canna sing it a'.

Forbye a dirge for comrades gone,
Now moves wi' measure slaw,
An' aft-returning dool upswells—
But I canna sing it a'.
I canna sing it a',
I canna sing it a',
For wha can tell the heart's lament?
I canna sing it a'.

An' thoughts o' hame come pensive in,
The wife an' queanies sma',
The chimla lug, the canty e'en—
But I canna sing it a'.
I canna sing it a',
I canna sing it a',
A sodger's thoughts o' hame are lang,
I canna sing it a'.

R. SWIFT.
(Gunner, B.E.F., France.)

The four PRIZES of TEN SHILLINGS each are awarded to Captain Brian Hill, Salonika Army; C.Q.M.S. Claude Berry, 62nd Co., C.L.C., A.P.O., S. 39, B.E.F., France; Driver Victor Allan, 22nd Australian A.S.C., France; Private Montague Hayward Potter, Palestine (home address: 3, Watcombe Terrace, Rowbarton, Taunton, Somerset), for the following:

THE POOL.

Rushes that whisper to the passing breeze,
Tall flags that flaunt their dress of blue and white,
A blackbird singing softly 'mid the trees
To greet the light.

A ripple on the water's surface, where
The swallow dips and skims on silent wing,
A blackbird's morning hymn re-echoing near
To greet the Spring.

Two golden king-cups leaning o'er the pool,
A scented bee-kissed load of early May,
A blackbird singing sweetly in the cool
To greet the day.

Two lazy butterflies that flit along
Sipping the nectar from the blooms above,
A blackbird's heart poured out in glorious song
To greet my Love.

BRIAN HILL.
(Captain, Salonika.)

Black-and-white reproduction of Coloured Cover from "My Erratic Pal," by Captain Alfred Clark, N.Z.M.C., which Mr. John Lane is publishing.

ANY MOTHER TO ENGLAND.

Mother England, could we proffer
Holier hope or dearer joy,
Than the gift that now we offer
In our Boy?

In his heart there is another,
Greater, nobler love than mine:
Take him then, O beckoning Mother,
He is thine.

At thy feet we lay our treasure,
He, who watches from above,
Understands the brimming measure
Of our love!

CLAUDE BERRY (C.Q.M.S., France).

AMOR PATRIÆ.

Because of England's villages, and fair
Broad acres bound by hawthorn and wild rose
And ivy'd towers among the English trees;
Of shady banks whereon the violet blows
In modest riot among the maidenhair,
Because of these—

Because of meadowed uplands, wind-swept downs,
Where English breezes comb the clustering grass;
White cliffs which fall to meet the Channel seas,
And crested gulls who bank, and wheel, and pass
Above the thatches of the fishing towns,
Because of these—

In gladness this fair land would I forsake,
And, leaving but my English heart at home,
Would go—dare all—and for my guerdon take
A lonely grave space in a foreign loam.

VICTOR ALLAN.
(Driver, Australian A.S.C., France.)

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT.

When the flame of daylight dies,
And the twilight shades the palm;
Then the mystic desert cries—
Cries from out the evening calm;—
Cries for evermore to me—
"Come and see! Come and see!"

In the silent night it cries,
O'er the stretch of shadow'd sands;
And I gaze with troubled gaze
At the ever outstretched hands:
Stretching evermore to me,
"Come and see! Come and see!"

"What is there?" my heart replies,
"That you call me forth to view?
Do you urge me with your cries,
To behold some treasure new?
That you ever call to me,
'Come and see! Come and see!'"

In the palms, a soft wind sighs,
With a strange, yet cooling breath.
"Fools! Oh, when will ye be wise?
Choose ye still the paths of death?
Listen! *I* will speak to thee—
Come and see! Come and see!

"Leave your worldliness, and seek
Him, Who loves you, as His Own.
In the silence, He shall speak,
And shall give you joys unknown!
Saying evermore to thee—
'Worship *Me*! Worship *Me*!'"

MONTAGUE HAYWARD POTTER.
(Private, Palestine.)

We specially commend and select for printing the following lyrics by 2nd Lieutenant W. E. S. Owen (Scarborough), Mrs. J. C. Muir, V.A.D. (Clevedon), and Private J. Moffat (France), and are sending to each of these competitors a book by way of consolation prize:

SONG OF SONGS.

Sing me at dawn but only with your laugh:
Like sprightly Spring that laugheth into leaf;
Like Love, that cannot flute for smiling at Life.

Sing to me only with your speech all day,
As voluble leaflets do. Let viols die.
The least word of your lips is melody.

Sing me at dusk, but only with your sigh;
Like lifting seas it solaceth: breathe so,
All voicelessly, the sense that no songs say.

Sing me at midnight with your murmurous heart;
And let its moaning like a chord be heard
Surging through you and sobbing unsubdued.

(W. E. S. Owen, 2nd-Lieutenant, 5th Manchester Regiment, Clarence Gardens, Scarborough.)

TO A HOSPITAL SOCK ON WASHING DAY.

Sock of our armies, old and worn and grey,
Come, let me wash thee where the waters flow.
Boots of brave men have worn thy heel away,
Scarce is a remnant left thee of thy toe.

Yet though thy comely days are past and gone,
I will restore thee with a fragrant soap.
Rays of Port Sunlight, shine as you have shone
On all poor socks that seemed devoid of hope!

Thus through alternate weeks of wash and wear,
Darned and re-darned, unyielding to decay,
Make a brave show when things seem out of gear,
Sock of our armies, old and worn and grey.

(Winifride Muir, V.A.D., Edgcliff, Marine Parade, Clevedon, Somerset.)

THE MOTHER COMFORTING.

This saith the Virgin Mother,
Unto the Mothers weeping:
"Dark be the Night of Sorrow
The Angel Death is reaping.
Yea, and your hearts are heavy;
Yet in the Ages Sleeping
My Son rose from the Dead:
Your Sons are in His Keeping."

(J. Moffat, A.S.C., B.E.F., France.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Sergt. William D. Dodd, Canadian Division (B.E.F., France), Pauline Bate (B.E.F., Boulogne), Lance-Corpl. D. P. Blunden (St. Thomas's Hospital), Lieut. C. E. Newham (B.E.F., France), Leslie W. Aske, R.N. (H.M.S. *Colleen*), Lieut. H. C. Lanyon (Oxford), Pte. J. Peterson (Shetland), Corpl. E. B. Hewett (Barnes), Marguerite E. Voeleker, American R.C. (London, W.), Pte. E. J. Redd (B.E.F., France), D. (Canadian Army Medical Corps, France), Nurse M. H. Davey (Higham), Capt. H. C. B. Brown (Dovercourt), Driver R. A. Atholl-Douglas (London, W.), Florence Olsen, W.A.A.C. (B.E.F., France), Lance-Corpl. C. Stevens (Cromer), Austin J. Small (H.M.S. *Veronica*), Sergt. Wilfred Gower (B.E.F., France), Grace Ingleby, V.A.D. (Northallerton), Pte. L. D. Cosgrove (Grove Park), Lieut. R. A. Tresise (Italy), Sidney Robert Saunders, A.C. (Blandford), K. M. Prince, W.A.A.C. (Brighton), Corpl. A. B. Kelly (B.E.F., France), Lieut. T. G. Wilkinson (Lutterworth), Pte. H. J. Knight (B.E.F., France), Sergt. "Alwyn" (Italy), Pte. A. Bower (St. Albans), Lance-Corpl. J. P. Little (B.E.F., France), Sergt. B. S. Lewely (Newport), V. Y. M. (London, W.), Chaplain, Artillery (B.E.F., France), Sapper Laughton (Wakefield), Pte. A. Hanby (Leith), Pte. Slater (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Pte. H. Quigby (Glasgow), Muriel I. Baker, V.A.D. (Golder's Green), Gunner Frank E. Westbrook (A.I.F., Wilts), Dorothy Hall, V.A.D. (Sheffield), Pte. Peter Milne (Cromarty), Lance-Corpl. Sydney Jeffery (Burscough), Margaret Dick, V.A.D. (Bolton), Pte. H. Baxter (Caister), Sapper W. H. Blomfield (Norwich), Gertrude J. S. Fleming, V.A.D. (Glasgow), Pte. S. Hatherley (Folkestone), Cadet A. Inglis (Rhyl), Sergt.-Major W. Machevin (B.E.F., France), Sergt. David Davidson (Grantham), Pte. H. O. Walker (Bangor), Pte. E. E. Cole (Woolwich), Sergt. T. J. Lovegreen (Pirbright), Corpl. C. W. Kent (Redcar), Gunner R. W. Fenton (St. Albans), Pte. J. T. Fox (Norwich), Pte. J. E. Griffiths (Wrexham), Lance-Corpl. T. W. Morden (Seaford), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Sapper H. Sykes (B.E.F., France), Gerald L. Coulson (H.M.S. *Oxford*), L.-Corp. Bicknell (B.E.F., France), Pte. Aleck Ashcroft (Italy), Bdr. F. McDougall (B.E.F., France), E. Leslie Gunston (Winchester), Reserve Sister Pat (B.E.F., France).

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

BERTRAM SMITH.

THE world of letters has lost a notable figure in Bertram Smith, whose death, at the age of forty-one, has occurred at his Dumfriesshire home. His was an unusual and distinguished personality. A considerable public watched with eagerness for his contributions to the *Manchester Guardian* and *Punch*, but he was himself seldom seen in literary circles. He was neither paragraphed nor lionised. Living in retirement he was not so well known as he should have been. Nevertheless a discriminating audience admired his work and, through it, had learnt to regard him with affection. The few who enjoyed the privilege of his

personal friendship knew how deeply that affection was deserved.

He was a humorous writer, but his humour was entirely natural and peculiarly his own. "Days of Discovery," his most recently published book, was an account, richly reminiscent, of his childhood: a series of engaging chapters which, had they been a little less shrewd and skilful, might have come straight from a child's brain. "Totty" and "A Perfect Genius" deal with the schoolboy. It is no secret that their scene is Loretto. Bertram Smith was a Lorettonian. These two novels are also illumined by the same characteristic: if a boy could write as well as does their author, this is exactly what he would write: these are just the hilarious incidents in which he would rejoice. The result is that youngsters and grown-ups alike devour these stories with gusto. So with Bertram Smith's two books on caravanning: "The Whole Art of Caravanning" and "Caravan Days." He loved the life of the road. He had voyaged with his vans (of which he owned several) from the Solway to John o' Groat's. The Border Country especially—St. Mary's Loch, Tweedsmuir, Eskdalemuir, Ettrick, Yarrow—he knew well. Although a victim of ill-health (he was consumptive) he had a great appetite for adventure and a boy's capacity for finding adventure wherever he wandered. Hence the same high spirits, the same essential youngness, infuses the essays on caravanning: there is no mistaking that the pen is the same as that which wrote the Loretto tales and the delicately gay account of childhood's escapades and wonderments.

Photo by Ward Muir. **Mr. Bertram Smith.**

It is difficult to convey, in so short an account, the full flavour of Bertram Smith's sheer *unusualness*. He was a big man both in mind and in body. His height was remarkable—he was well over six feet, and broad shouldered, and he had an unforgettable face: a face burnt by sun and wind, with limpidly light blue eyes and a fine mane of iron grey hair. He was a Scotsman, and had a fund of Scottish anecdotes. At Beattock, where he lived, he interested himself in farming, and, after the war broke out, did an enormous amount of self-sacrificing work in popularising the tractor plough, taking part in food-production committees, arranging for allotments, potato clubs and the like: a strain which ultimately killed him—for, by rights, he ought to have been playing the valetudinarian part of an invalid. But no one less like an invalid could be conceived. His malady had been serious for many years: latterly it caused him great suffering and weakness. But it was only a shadow in the background of a life beautiful with warm sunshine. He was not only too brave, but too proud, to allow his illness to take the foreground.

His tastes were oddly wide. He was a sportsman and a farmer and an essayist and a fiction writer; and he had started his career in a Liverpool cotton-broking office. He knew Wagner's operas intimately and never missed a Bayreuth festival. The Beethoven Symphonies were a favourite study of his, and he wrote about them and about Wagner. "A Week of the War"—his résumé of the military situation—was a most useful contribution to a small local newspaper. In pre-war days he acted every winter as the *Scotsman's* special correspondent at the Alpine curling bonspiel. Probably no one else in the wide world could have made literature out of reports of curling matches; but Bertram Smith performed this feat, to the intense joy of the enthusiasts. A shilling handbook of curling, written by him, was published a few years ago, and is the only readable thing of its kind. He was the sole inventor of a method—an exciting one, it is true—of navigating the upper reaches of the manifestly non-navigable Scottish rivers. In specially built flat-bottomed punts he sailed (accompanied by a picked crew of old Lorettonians) down the Tweed, Annan, Nith and Esk—with many an upset at rapids and waterfalls and much wading in shallows and even swimming in pools. He resided in a house which he had ordered to be built for him, the sole proviso, to the architect, being that it should contain as many bathrooms as there were bedrooms. Summer and winter alike, Bertram Smith always slept in the open air on a veranda. As a young man at Liverpool he had lived in a caravan, touring the Cheshire lanes by night and at week-ends, and attending his office by day. He amused himself with amateur theatricals, and wrote several plays for private production. He wrote, composed, and sang comic songs. He was a voluminous and witty letter-writer. Although most of his essays latterly appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* and *Punch*, he was an occasional contributor to *Country Life*, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the *Liverpool Daily Post* and the *Glasgow Herald*. Stories by him had been printed in the popular magazines; but of late he had specialised rather in essays than in fiction. His two unpublished books, one a sequel to "Days of Discovery" and the other a collection of Scotch sketches, will be looked for with interest. It is melancholy to think that they are the last work we shall have from a writer of such unconventional gifts and such rich promise.

WARD MUIR.

XUM

THE READER.

BARTIMEUS.

By Klaxon (R.N.).

I ONCE heard a naval officer, as he laid down his copy of an Olympian Review, remark that in view of the fact that everything he read concerning his own job appeared so full of errors, he supposed other specialised people must notice the same thing; and that therefore everything written about anything must be nonsense. His conclusion may have been somewhat sweeping, but it is certainly true that there is more nonsense written about the Navy than there is about most things. I suppose this is to be expected—as the Navy is a popular theme and an ignorant public will swallow a great deal on the subject if it is served up in a "breezy" and popular way. There are many authors who have the style and the skill, and there are many officers with the technical knowledge and experience, but it is rare to find both qualities combined in one person. "Bartimeus," if he was a civilian, would still be an author, and if he was not an author now he would remain a technically efficient officer. He passes the greatest test of all those a naval writer has to face—the cold criticism of the ward-room—expressed perhaps in the gushing encomium of a messmate:

Photo by G. C. Beresford.

Bartimeus.

"I think this yarn here must be about the *Alsace's* ward-room—it looks just like it. It's not half a bad yarn—not silly, anyway. Who? Oh yes—I know him. He was my term in the *Britannia*. Would never have thought he had it in him."

If a naval author can have that said of him by other officers, he has reached the pinnacle of the Fleet's approbation, and can turn with relief to the far easier task of appealing to the reading public of England.

"Bartimeus" was a known and well-known author before the war, but his admirers have multiplied exceedingly since it began. It was the same with Ian Hay, and I suppose these two writers are now the typical literary representatives of the Services in the greatest war of history. Curiously enough they both represent their messmates in a way which, certainly in the case of "Bartimeus," has called forth the wrath of a number of critics. They say of "Bartimeus" (Mr. Punch's Learned Clerk was a typical instance in his review of "The Long Trick") that he is too idealistic—that all his geese are swans, and his battles victories—that he has shown us no bad side or unpleasantness in his characters—(I should, at this point, interpolate the fact that Mr. Punch, shortly after his review, made the *amende honorable* in a neat little poem which reversed his previous decision). But what do these critics want? In the chapter of "The Long Trick" in which "Bartimeus" gives a really wonderful word-picture of the sailor ashore, taking us with him from London to the Northern Base, would they prefer him to observe for us with the eye of a Zola, or note with the pen of Boccaccio? Surely we have got rid of the unhealthy and decadent style—so-called "realistic"—which was the pre-war vogue? One of the mercies of war has been the tearing away of shams and the old childish trick of "showing off"; we have got down to a simpler, cleaner way of living, reading or writing, and it is noticeable that the war-born authors are eagerly read, though they show a fibre of Christianity so simple as to be almost pagan, while the pre-war literary butterflies—the froth of an hysterical and over-crowded civilisation — have slipped back into a decent obscurity. Ibsen is a realist of the Zola model—Shaw a "clever" man — but "Bartimeus" is read as "Pickwick" is read, by a nation which likes to feel as it reads, "Of course—that's just what he would have done—*I* would have, anyway." It is possible that the reader as he thinks in that strain is overestimating his own personality, but there is no harm in that. No—the Navy is clean and athletic, and if it is to be written about, let it be done in "Bartimeus'" way.

I believe the feature one notices most in his writings is the trick he has of making the reader feel that he is not only present but acting in and enjoying the scenes depicted. The scenes may be simple but they are real. The children's journey in the picket-boat to the Ship's Party—the officers' gig's-crew at practice—the "scrap" in the mess on the ward-room guest-night—it is all silly and simple and ordinary, but the reader looks up from the closed book with the tang of salt air in his nostrils and the glare of the electric lamps reflected from white enamel still dancing before his eyes—to sigh

as he finds himself still in the close atmosphere of a city.

The Army produces ten authors to the Navy's one. In peace time this may be because the Navy is a world to itself, that trains children in a rigid technical groove and never gives them the chance to branch out in any side issues. But in war it is a result to be expected, for the Navy is still composed of Regulars, whereas the Army now includes every trade there is. "Bartimeus" is a Regular, and perhaps if it had not been for the story which lies behind his pen-name, he would never have written us books at all. That story and the spirit of it—a spirit which never admits defeat—runs through every line that he has written. He gives us the types he knows and respects—the quick-brained, keen and laughing specimen of physical fitness that is the Naval officer of to-day, and the wonderful, clear-eyed children that make the officers wives. In the latter characters I think he is at his best—and it is certainly strange to think of the way in which women such as these leave their comfortable homes to follow the fortunes of their wandering husbands, waiting patiently and anxiously (to quote from, I think, "A Tall Ship") amidst "the smell of cooking in the entrance halls of Sheerness lodging-houses." But then women are very incomprehensible.

There have been rumours that "Bartimeus" is to write a play—please Heaven he won't be collaborated with too much or "improved" by the producer. Let us have the Navy-on-the-Stage without conventional artificialities, and let us see the real Navy portrayed with all its "Custom of the Service" and old-world traditions side by side with its youth and cheerfulness. There is no greater subject and there is none more difficult. No author can do it justice unless he is himself one of the great Fraternity.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in what is perhaps his most perfect essay, tells us what he thinks our Admirals should be like—big-hearted simple children, that "love war as a mistress," and, to misquote from "Admirals All," I think the writings of "Bartimeus" should tend to send the "clerk back to his book-keeping and double entry with a better heart and higher spirit." The Navy has had to read a great deal of trash in recent years about itself, whether laudatory or sneering, and it deserves better recognition from the nation it guards. It does not want adulation, or to be written of at all, but the descriptions of "Bartimeus"—humorous, kindly and in its own spirit—are welcomed and approved. A Service which can indite such a delightful piece of reporting as "*Have taken or destroyed all the enemy ships on this coast—as per margin,*" is not one with a reputation for talking, so that an author who receives the seal of its approbation is to be congratulated on his skill in having pleased both his lay and his technical critics. As long as "Bartimeus" writes as he does, for so long is he safe from the wrath of the Young Doc and the Indiarubber Man, and sure of the kindly oath and insult that greets a friend, in every mess into which his wanderings may lead him.

TAFFRAIL.

BY STANHOPE W. SPRIGG.

AMONGST the Literary figures that have emerged with distinction during the present war, a definite place must be assigned to "Taffrail," whose books of short stories about sea life have sold in large numbers all over the Empire during the past two years. It is quite true that he began to write before that fateful August in 1914. For instance, his first book was published by the House of Cassell in the autumn of 1912, at the price of 5s., and was entitled "All About Ships." But it was frankly and openly intended for boys—as also were two adventure stories of his, issued in volume form by Blackie's in 1914 and 1915—"The Boy Castaways" and "The Secret Submarine." He also did a number of serial and short stories for Pearson's paper for boys, *The Scout*, before the outbreak of hostilities; and, even as recently as January, 1916, Phillips' published an educational work of his which is now in its sixth edition on "Ribbons and Medals."

Photo by Lafayette. **Taffrail.**

All these, however, must be fairly regarded by the critical bookman as short essays towards the great object. It was not until his "Pincher Martin, O.D." began to appear serially in *Chambers's Journal*, in the first month of 1916, and, in the second, Pearson's issued his first collection of naval sketches and stories, "Carry On!" that he began to arrive. The autumn of that year saw the production of "Pincher Martin" by Chambers's in volume form. It also saw the publication of "Stand By," a second collection of his naval yarns, by Pearson's. And from that period "Taffrail" has never looked back.

No fewer than four other collections of naval yarns have been printed bearing his name. They have each of them borne an aggressively

maritime title—"Minor Operations," "Off Shore," "Sea-Spray and Spindrift," and "The Watch Below"—and one, at least, of these has succumbed to the present time publishing difficulties, and has been issued at 2s. 6d. instead of the popular 1s. 6d. In November, last year, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton also produced a long and fascinating study of life in the Navy by him, under the title of "The Sub," that, side by side with "Pincher Martin," did much to establish his claims to be regarded in a serious spirit. It certainly showed that his work was first hand—that he had immense funds of observation and information—that he was a prodigious worker, nay, that the salt of the seven seas had practically penetrated the innermost marrow of his bones.

It also proved that he could not be dull, no matter how apparently prosaic might be the aspect of life or work in the Navy that he chose to write about. At the same time, I doubt if any one will claim that he has the complete gifts of a novelist. I even doubt if he will ever do a big novel. His literary art is seen at its best, I imagine, in the short story and in the sketch. When you get it in a long work such as "Pincher Martin" you are conscious that the canvas on which he works is narrow; that the quality of suspense he cultivates is vivid but brief, and passes in a few pages; and that his sense of drama is at its highest in the roar of battle, the thunder of the storm, the fight with hostile aircraft and undersea boats, and not in the long anguish that attends the true irony of life, behind which is ever the laughter of the gods.

At the same time "Taffrail" is young. He has big qualities. He has caught quite fairly and fully the attention of the public. He may broaden and deepen, if he is not spoiled by his present success. I, at all events, should hate to think that I had gone over him with an inch measure when I should have gone around him with a line flagged for fathoms. He is certainly not regarded by thousands of naval men and sea lovers and rovers as "The Wizard of the North Sea" without good reason.

When the war broke out we really knew very little about the North Sea—in spite of "The Riddle of the Sands" and stories of the Dogger Bank and like areas by men like Cutcliffe Hyne. But our Navy assembled there or thereabouts. Big conflicts were threatened in that arena. The Admiralty would not let a word leak through about the vessels engaged there on offensive operations, submarine extinction, and the blockade. Worst of all, the public suddenly realised how little they really knew about the men and conditions of existence on His Majesty's war vessels. Captain Marryat was out of date. "Bartimeus" had not then penetrated the multitude. The intimate peeps that Rudyard Kipling had given us had been smudged out of memory or obliterated by the hot, red lights of land conflict. And yet our destiny and the hopes of our Empire were afloat on that one sea—the North Sea!

Well, it seems to me that that was the psychological moment that "Taffrail" was found by the public, and a public was found by "Taffrail." He not only knew the North Sea from every angle of the compass, but he knew both the rough and the educated men that let their lives drift, as a shield for us, across those dark and treacherous waters. And he wrote about them and their quarrels, their loves and their hates, and the conflicts upon which they might be engaged with sympathy and knowledge—with toleration and humour, with a sense of charity and pathos that made them and the whole North Sea drama intensely real to us, intensely alive.

Somehow you never get the idea that "Taffrail" is a writer of fiction. His is the slow, sure method of the realist, a building up of essential facts, until the real explosive point is reached, and then he is as graphic as the writers of the great sea sagas, the arch-masters of the novel of adventure and romance. And he can work on cameos. And his characters never lose their consistency, the qualities of their virtues and vices, their essential part in the general scheme of things.

It is not often that "Taffrail" indulges in any hints of self revelation in his books, but I note that in the last, "The Watch Below," he confesses:

> "My hobby is writing, but I am lucky if I get through a thousand words a day. I know one author who gets through 37,000 words a week. I cannot put pen to paper when the ship is at sea, and sometimes I am not in a mood for it in harbour, while often for weeks at a stretch I hardly have a moment to spare for anything except official literature."

I have also heard it said that he will not write about any of his own adventures in his stories, that the only occasion upon which he broke his self-imposed rule he headed the yarn "A Minor Affair," and then gave the details in the form of a very bald and prosaic letter to "My dear Daniel," which he began thus:

> "It was merely an episode of a few light cruisers, anything up to a score of destroyers, and some sea planes; quite a minor and a comparatively unimportant little business which elicited a long announcement from the Secretary of the Admiralty, and must have proved rather a godsend to those newspapers whose readers were anxious for naval news in any shape or form. They made a certain amount of fuss about it, and the naval correspondents were soon hard at work elaborating the simple statement, according to their usual habit. Indeed, the nautical expert of *Earth and Sea*, with the very best intentions in the world, even went so far as to devote a greater part of a column to the business. It is to be hoped his readers were duly edified; but we, who had taken part in the affair, were merely rather amused!"

A typical naval touch is this! A vivid illustration, too, of the real man that is hidden behind the *nom de guerre* "Taffrail."

It is not, however, quite correct to say that he will not write about any of his own adventures in his stories. Personally, I believe most of the destroyer portion of "Pincher Martin, O.D."—except that part about Jutland—did actually happen to "Taftrail," and I fancy, too, I detect now and again in his naval sketches other echoes of his own adventures, but I admit they never obtrude.

As many of his admirers are aware, "Taffrail" is at present the commander of a torpedo boat destroyer, "somewhere at sea," so the mystery of his intimate knowledge of life in the Navy need not necessarily be a mystery, only a delight. He entered the *Britannia* training ship at Dartmouth in 1897, so it would not even be difficult for a reader with a turn for figures to estimate his age. He went to sea in the Channel Fleet in 1899,

and served as midshipman of H.M.S. *Terrible* during the South African War. He was landed in North China for the Boxer business of 1900, and took part in the stiff fighting in and around Tien-tsin. He remained in China till the end of 1902, and first served in a destroyer in 1903–4. He served in the Home Fleet till 1906, and then, after a turn on a cruiser in China again, he got the command of a destroyer, a period on a battleship, while the early days of the war saw him set off in a new destroyer, and he has served in destroyers ever since. In an ordinary way, of course, one would not emphasise these details, but when one realises that the stories and sketches he has written mirror many of his scenes of travel (particularly China), this catalogue of achievement possesses a distinct value.

Nothing, however, will reveal the charm of the naval folks that pass in endless procession through his pages but personal acquaintance. Critics have said in their haste that they owe a little in character to Kipling's "Soldiers Three" and to W. W. Jacobs, yes, even to Dickens, but they are wrong, quite wrong. "Taffrail" has not read Kipling's "Soldiers Three" or any of Jacobs's books since he was a boy, and his acquaintance with Dickens, he will own himself, is also very superficial—indeed, he hasn't read Dickens for many years. No. They owe all their genuine vitality and charm to "Taffrail." For that reason, if you want to know the British Navy at first hand, you must know and sympathise with the "Wizard of the North Sea."

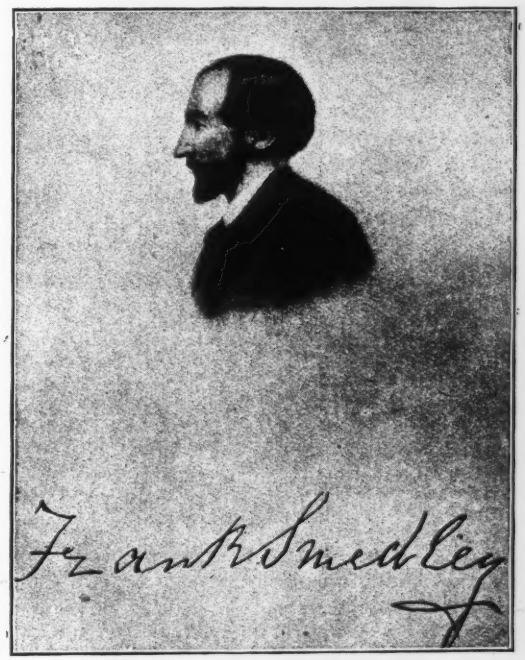
THE CENTENARY OF FRANK SMEDLEY.

By S. M. Ellis.

DESPITE the ever increasing number of new novelists who demand a hearing and a place in the sun of public favour, there are certain writers—not necessarily of the calibre of Dickens and Thackeray—of a past era and fashion who still retain a niche in the memories of those who read their books in days of youth. Frank Smedley, whose birth centenary falls this year, is among the category. Regarded, no doubt, as jejunely old-fashioned by the many, for his books are entirely early Victorian in portraiture and sentiment, Smedley was nevertheless a born story-teller with very considerable gifts of humour and character drawing, and one able to delineate a dramatic and exciting incident with graphic power. He had the art of stamping his scenes and characters on an imaginative mind. Thus, I found on one occasion when discussing Smedley with Mr. Austin Dobson that the latter had a clear recollection of "Frank Fairlegh"; he quoted scenes and, actually, portions of dialogue from this book which he had not seen for probably fifty years. In the same way, Mrs. J. B. Bury, of Cambridge, recalled "Lewis Arundel," which she had not read since her early girlhood.

It is clear, therefore, that Smedley had some uncommon ability as a writer of vivid imagination. His art was the more remarkable in that his own life and experiences were in complete antithesis to the exciting and sentimental scenes he loved to picture in his stories. His books were compact of wild escapades and practical jokes in town and country, duels and poaching affrays, hunting and horse-racing, love-making and marriage: their author was a life-long cripple and invalid who never did and never could indulge in any active exercise and adventure, and whose physical afflictions barred him from marriage and family life. Gaiety and activity permeate his novels: sadness, bodily pain, and bitter regrets were the portion of the man. But his mind triumphed over matter, and he lived entirely in imagination the life he would have led in the flesh had Fate permitted. He used to purchase the latest sporting guns, fishing rods, and riding accessories, which of course were never used.

Fortunately, Smedley was not hampered by financial difficulties, or compelled to write for a living. His compensations for a sadly restricted life were a comfortable home and income, and many valued friends and relatives. Francis Edward Smedley was the only child of Francis Smedley, a prosperous solicitor and High Bailiff of Westminster, by his marriage with Frances Sarah, daughter of George Ellison, of Alfred House, High Street, Marlow, and it was here, in his mother's old home, that the future novelist was born on October 4th, 1818.* His paternal grandfather, the Rev. Edward Smedley, Rector of Powderham and North Bovey, Devon, was for over forty years (1774–1820) a master at Westminster School. He was the author of a long poem, "Erin," and other work. He married Hannah, daughter of the eccentric George Bellas, Registrar in Doctors' Commons, and a domestic tyrant who treated his wife and daughters as slaves.†



Frank Smedley.
From a portrait signed by himself.

* The house is now converted into the Post Office of Marlow.

† *See* Beloe's *The Sexagenarian*, 1817.

Bellas was the ancestor also of George Bellas Greenough, President of the Geological Society, and Guillermo Billinghurst, the late President of Peru, as well as of Frank Smedley. Frank Smedley's uncle, the Rev. Edward Smedley, was also an author of some note, and editor of "The Encyclopædia Metropolitana"; he married Mary Hume (grandaunt of "Lewis Carroll"), and two of his daughters, Menella Bute Smedley and Elizabeth (Mrs. Hart), attained success as writers.

At his birth Frank Smedley was a child of normal development, but in his early infancy he was attacked by a strange, paralytic disease—the result either of a fall from his nurse's arms or a carriage accident—which retarded his growth and affected all his bodily faculties. Its progress was insidious, and in time, in addition to injury of the spine, he lost the entire use of his legs, and was compelled to utilise a wheel-chair for any movement indoors or out. From his youth, too, he had to wear a sort of undercoat, made of steel, to support the feeble body. His boyhood was consequently a sad and lonely time, for school was impossible, and he was debarred from participating in the vigorous sports with companions of his own age for which he yearned. He lived at 12, Ely Place, and later at 40, Jermyn Street. In 1832, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to a private tutor, the Rev. George Millett, at 89, Montpelier Road, Brighton; but the boy's physical disabilities were soon found to be incompatible with intimate association with even a few young and active contemporaries, and he was removed after some months. But his short time in Brighton was the cause of important results, owing to his powers of observation, as will be seen presently. His education was completed by his second cousin, the Rev. E. A. Smedley, at Chesterton Vicarage, near Cambridge, another member of the family who indulged in literary composition.

Millicent Ursula Smedley
(Mrs. Crompton).
The original of Annie Grant in Smedley's "Lewis Arundel."
From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Arkwright.

Menella Bute Smedley.
The original of Rose Arundel in Smedley's "Lewis Arundel."

The next few years were the darkest of Frank Smedley's life. He could not follow any profession; he was much alone, as his father and mother were engrossed respectively in business and social duties; he was thrown back upon his vivid imagination, mainly, for mental occupation. His chief pleasure he found in writing long letters to three sympathetic girl cousins. They were Menella Bute Smedley; Millicent Smedley (later on the wife of Mr. J. G. Crompton, of Derby), to whom Frank Smedley was much attached*; and Fanny, married to William Walton. It was these young ladies who proposed the means for Smedley's mental alleviation and the right outlet for his abilities, and consequently a real interest for his limited life. They perceived that their cousin wrote excellent letters, full of humour, observation, and graphic description, and suggested that he should put together some sketches of incident and character, based on his own experiences of life and people. His experiences had been few and constrained certainly, but the most eventful having occurred during his brief stay at the private tutor's at Brighton, he proceeded to describe his life there. This was the origin of "Frank Fairlegh." The sketches, under the title of "Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil," commenced to appear in *Sharpe's London Magazine* in May, 1846, and attained immediate success and popularity. At the request of the editor, the sketches were converted into a tale and extended to a length far beyond the original intention of the author.

The characters of "Frank Fairlegh" were nearly all drawn from life, excepting Cumberland and Wilford. Mr. Millett, the private tutor at Brighton, figures as Dr. Mildman of (Bright) Helmstone. Freddy Coleman was drawn from Frederick Charsley, Registrar of Eton. The incident of the practical jokers ringing the Curfew and alarming the inhabitants of "Hillingford" by rumours of fire is said to have occurred at Beaconsfield. Frank Smedley, in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Walton, makes some mention of his first book:

"You are right in your conjecture about the original of 'Clara Saville,' altho' I have gone beyond truth when I talk of faultless features, etc.; the 'trustful look observable in the eyes of a dog' was a peculiarity, and a very endearing and touching one, in the expression of the original. The entire character is in great measure sketched from *hers*, tho' not exclusively, or too closely. I can scarcely say (for I am still at work upon her, and my puppets often slightly alter in the making, assuming, as it were in spite of me, a sort of individuality of their own) how like or unlike it may turn out, or how I may

* His poem, "For M.S.", in "Gathered Leaves," explains all.

succeed in drawing a woman's character at all. . . . Sharpe wants me to publish 'Frank Fairlegh' in monthly numbers, and 'Phiz' is anxious to illustrate it, but I have as yet come to no decision about it. Everybody tells me my head will be turned by all these fine things, but I do not believe them, for it feels pretty much in the same place as usual."

When "Frank Fairlegh" was reissued in sixteen monthly numbers, with green covers, now very rare, it was illustrated by George Cruikshank, whose thirty fine designs also appeared in the first edition in book form, 1850, and in subsequent reprints. "Frank Fairlegh" was naturally inscribed to the author's cousins, Millicent and Menella Bute Smedley, who had been the means of leading his steps to a literary career.

He became editor of *Sharpe's London Magazine* in November, 1847, and his second novel, "Lewis Arundel, or the Railroad of Life," commenced to appear there in the following year: the tale was subsequently issued in monthly parts, and published in book form in 1852, with admirable illustrations by "Phiz." It is a gauge of Smedley's immediate success that his two first books

Grove Lodge, Regent's Park,
at the time Smedley lived there.

should have been illustrated by the two most popular artist-engravers of the period.

Although written during pain and illness, "Lewis Arundel" is undoubtedly the author's best work, and has considerable value as a vivid and faithful picture of life and manners and mental outlook during the early Victorian era. Every detail is reproduced with the minuteness of an Arnold Bennett of a later time. The unfailing flow of amusing and dramatic incident, the wealth of humour, the clever character drawing, place this book in the first class of its category—the novel of social life of a period.

It is possible that the amusing incident of the *Persian Prince* hoax in "Lewis Arundel" may have suggested the almost identical and completely successful joke which was perpetrated in real life by a party of young Englishmen upon the officers of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* some years ago.

In 1853 Smedley published a shorter novel, "The Fortunes of the Colville Family," and during the following year he edited the short-lived *George Cruikshank's Magazine*. He also wrote for *The Comic Times* and *The Train*.

He was still living at 40, Jermyn Street, and, when in the country, at Nyn Park, near Northaw, a beautiful

Beechwood, Marlow.
Photograph by courtesy of Mr. Nichols.

place with charming gardens, the house, built in 1774, succeeding the sixteenth century building occupied by Ambrose, Earl of Warwick. Smedley loved his country home and the charming scenery of Hertfordshire. He took daily drives in his pony carriage. Nyn Park and the surrounding country inspired most of the rural descriptions of his books. "Heathfield Park" in "Frank Fairlegh," "Broadhurst Park" in "Lewis Arundel," and "Coverdale Park" in "Harry Coverdale's Courtship" are all in "H——shire."

This last novel, "Harry Coverdale's Courtship," was, as the author put it, a sort of *enfant terrible*, and it caused him much trouble and anxiety. Originally designed for a short story, it grew into a long novel after many delays. It commenced to appear in *Sharpe's London Magazine* in 1853, but when Smedley's editorship of that journal ceased, at the advent of a new proprietor, his serial was concluded by the new director in a very summary and original manner. It was not until 1855 that the story was resumed and published in monthly parts and book form, with excellent illustrations by "Phiz." Throughout the composition Smedley was in a state of health getting worse and worse. Writing from 9, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton, in December, 1855, to Virtue, the publisher of all his books, he said:

"The 'H.C.' affair must be left thus. I am still unable to *work*, but I write a few lines every evening. Whether

Grounds of Grove Lodge, Regent's Park.
Photograph by courtesy of Mr. Sigismund Goetz.

XUM

by this means I shall be able to finish in time for January I cannot yet tell, as my head varies so much from day to day. My illness is pronounced irritation of the brain from overstraining of it."

The story was warmly received by press and public, for the author had now an acknowledged position in contemporary literature; but Smedley, whose health was worse than ever, was dissatisfied with his work and apologised for its "lame and impotent conclusion" in his preface. Though not so good as "Frank Fairlegh" and "Lewis Arundel," "Harry Coverdale's Courtship" is another excellent picture of the social life, in town and country, of the decade of the "fifties," and full of humour, as, for example, in the scene of Mr. Crane at dinner (Chapter XLVI.).

Frank Smedley.

Frank Smedley was a poet as well as a novelist. He belonged to the school of Hood and Barham, for he ranged from comic and nonsense verses to those of the most wistful pathos. He could write in the quaint metres and bizarre rhymes of "The Ingoldsby Legends" with the facility of their creator. Take, for instance, the opening lines of Smedley's "Maude Allinghame":

"There is weeping and wailing in
Allinghame Hall,
From many an eye does the tear-
drop fall,
Swollen with sorrow is many a lip,
Many a nose is red at the tip;
All the shutters are shut very tight,
To keep out the wind and to keep out the light;
While a couple of mutes,
With very black suits,
And extremely long faces,
Have taken their places
With an air of professional *esprit de corps*,
One on each side of the great hall door.
On the gravel beyond, in a wonderful state
Of black velvet and feathers, a grand hearse, and eight
Magnificent horses, the orders await
Of a spruce undertaker,
Who's come from Long Acre,
To furnish a coffin and do the polite
To the corpse of Sir Reginald Allinghame, Knight."

In his novels Smedley depicted his ideal life, the sports and adventures he would have enjoyed. It was only in his serious poems that he sometimes voiced the sadness and pain of his actual life and passionate regrets for unattainable desires:

"Oh, give me rest! for youth is gone,
And middle-age comes darkly on,
Experience has been hardly bought,
Ambition palls, and Fame is nought;
With chary measure Faith is given,
And hope is dead, and Love's in heaven,
I pant for rest.

* * * * *

"Alone, dark thoughts assail my breast,
Wild wishes, sad regrets which tear
The heartstrings with a fierce unrest
That mocks the calmness of despair.

* * * * *

"And it's oh and alas! for the hopes of youth
When they for ever depart,
And it's oh and alas! for the hopes of youth
When they come to a broken heart.

"Too late, too late, what a world of fate,
Do those simple words contain;
To strive for years, thro' a vale of tears,
A broken heart to gain."

Smedley collaborated with his friend, Edmund Yates, in a book of nonsense verses, entitled "Mirth and Metre," 1855. After Smedley's death a selection of his poetry was published in 1865 under the title of "Gathered Leaves," prefixed by a very sympathetic tribute from the pen of Edmund Yates. In 1867 another little volume of verse, "Last Leaves from Beechwood," was issued from Enfield with a note by Smedley's devoted friend, William Brailsford. This completes the record of the author's work.

In September, 1855, the Smedleys gave up Nyn Park, and Frank stayed for a time at 1, St. George's Place, Canterbury, and in Brighton, before moving into Grove Lodge, Regent's Park, which his father had inherited from their cousin, George Bellas Greenough. The latter had built the house in 1823, when the Crown granted him a lease of a portion of Regent's Park which was separated from the main estate by the formation of the Regent's Canal. Consequently, Grove Lodge was, and is, one of the most delightful houses in London, for the five acres of ground comprise in the main winding woodland walks, with picturesque glimpses of water. In this unique *rus in urbe* Frank Smedley found great pleasure, for he was able to take exercise in his wheel-chair without leaving the privacy of the property. The many arbours in the grounds still remain to mark the favourite spots he liked to visit; and the library on the west side of the house communicated with his own bedroom, so he was able to see his friends with ease.* But these pleasant years were not for long. In the spring of 1859 his father, Francis Smedley, died, and the same year he lost an aunt and his favourite cousin, Millicent. He wrote:

"I have been very ill. I have a great deal on me which *must* be done, and very little strength to meet the demand; but God knows what is best for us, and I am well content to leave the matter to His will and guidance."

During the last four years of his life Smedley spent the summer at a house, called "Beechwood," he had purchased in Marlow, and he delighted in the beautiful surroundings of his native town. He is still remembered

* Though a fine house in the Smedleys' time, the place has since been enlarged and much improved. It is now called Grove House, and occupied by Mr. Sigismund Goetz, who has converted the former stables into a studio. It is of interest to note that this house is described by R. L. Stevenson, under the name of "Rochester House," in "New Arabian Nights," the incident where the President of the Suicide Club meets his death in a duel with Prince Florizel in a secluded corner of the grounds, now the site of the rose garden.

in Marlow as one with a nod and smile or jest for all who saluted him as he passed along the streets in his wheel-chair. During the winter and spring months he lived with his mother at Grove Lodge. His end was sudden. On April 28th, 1864, he entertained Edmund Yates and other friends to dinner, and seemed brighter and in better health than usual. Three days later Frank Smedley was found by his servant in a state of stupor, speedily followed by a succession of epileptic fits. In the evening of May 1st, 1864, he died, at the age of forty-five. His body was removed to Marlow for burial, and there, between the church and the river, he found that eternal sleep and rest he craved:

"The weary heart will ache no more,
For death is rest."

But he had carried out his own precept:

"All true honour lies
In a life-long sacrifice,
Stars shine clear above the skies,
Conquer fate!"

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best note in not more than one hundred words on What I Think of Standard Boots.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on Pleasures I Can Have for Nothing.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss I. L. Watts, of Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1, for the following:

TO AN OLD WOMAN AT DAWN.

Short is your night of silence and of dreams,
The lights grow faint, and the white mist is torn,
And here the panting, young sweet Rose of Morn
Divinely gleams.

You pass along the dingy City street,
And tired droop your sunk, lack-lustre eyes,
And oh! to give you back Dawn's old surprise,
When Life was strange and sweet.

Lost is the City of your dreams of old,
You find no more the El Dorado where
He took your hand in his, and all the air
Was turned to dust of gold.

Yet you may find the splendour that has flown
A thousand years from now—the crowd, the lights,
In some wild City of Bohemian nights
That we have never known.

I. L. WATTS.

We also select for printing:

MATER DOLOROSA.

Mother of sorrows, now the twilight fades,
And women's voices rise in evensong,
And low chimes summon those who love thy praise
To praise thee. Ah! the pitiless night is long
To war-robbed women 'lone with hearts that bleed:
Come to these, Mother, when the world lies dark—
Bear comfort to white-headed mothers, bowed
With loss of sons, relief to young griefs stark
That know not tears, grieving with stricken soul
For stalwart lovers, broken, battle-slain,
And pitying solace to young mothers who
With courage infinite hide infinite pain
Greeting their fatherless with brave, sweet smile.
All-tender Mother, these have need of thee,
Sorrow and Memory haunt the night's deep gloom,
Be near them in their hours of Calvary.

(Vere M. Murphy, Melford House, Tamerton Foliot, South Devon.)

MY ALLOTMENT.

A little patch of virgin soil
Allotted to my care,
A call to days of strenuous toil
To make a garden there:

I bring my purpose to the task,
My spade, my rake, my hoe,
And in my ignorance I ask
Advice from those who know.

With stores of knowledge thus supplied,
My venture is begun;
And though mistakes rebuke my pride,
Each day some bit is done.

XUM

Now Nature knows both my intent
And limit of my skill,
So all her powers are kindly lent
To prosper what I will.

The elements in strength combine
To aid the hand that sows,
And soon this little patch of mine
With life and beauty glows.

I link to heaven my bit of earth,
By work and sacrifice—
And lo! a garden leaps to birth—
Offspring of Paradise.

So all that is allotted me,
My will, my skill, my hours,
If linked to heaven may gardens be,
Crammed full with fruit and flowers.

(Richard Tucker, Victoria House, Tavistock.)

LAMENT.

Last summer time, upon the hill
We used to roam, my love and I;
And oft would pause beside the mill,
To watch the water rushing by.
Oh! daisies, did you see us pass
With joyous feet upon the grass?

I would not hear the drum which bid
Him march away that sunny morn,
But flung my body down and hid
My face among the yellow corn.
Oh! poppies, come and whisper low,
And tell me, did you see him go?

Be silent, mill—I cannot bear
Your ceaseless chatter and your roar;
And daisies droop your heads, I fear
I dare not see your faces more.
For I have heard the solemn knell
And tolling of the passing bell.

(Margaret Bardwell, 92a, King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), N. C. Hermon-Hodge (Reading), Helen K. Watts (Brighton), John Wayne (Leighton Buzzard), Emasil (Dublin), Ivan Adair (Dublin), J. A. B. (Highgate), Irene Wintle (Dorset), Monica Chapman (Bounds Green), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Ethel Hawker (Bournemouth), Thomas R. Bishop (Croydon), Jeffery Ritley (Derby), Doreen Dillon (Catford), Mary Somerville (Selkirk), Alexander Smart (Aberdeen), P. A. (Sheppey), Sarnicol (Merthyr Tydfil), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), T. Kent (Southampton), Honor Drury (Southampton), Margaret Brown (Calne), P. Marshall Hill (Doncaster), S. M. Duffin (Bangor), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), B. E. Stevens (Washford), Faith Hearn (Christchurch), Louise Georgina Stewart (Edinburgh), Gara Williams (Penrith), T. J. Bayliss (Southfields), Amy E. Evers (Stourbridge), E. Mary Pennick (Devonport), E. J. Pratt (Ontario), Florence Olsen (B.E.F., France), Tudor Howell (Middlesbrough), Freda H. L. Clift (Salop), W. H. Bloomfield (Bayswater), M. I. K. Carruthers (Oxford), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), T. G. Wilkinson (Lutterworth), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Beatrice Skiltow (Forest Gate), V. V. Mathews (London, W.C.), Eleanor Preston (Bedford), K. (Catford), Peggy Lawford (Newton Abbot), Dorothy James (Ottawa), L. M. Springall (Cambridge), J. A. Finlay (Aberdeen), Lysaght Auxby (Burnham), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), Pauline Bate (Blessington), M. C. (Colchester), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), Esmé Vivien (London, S.W.), E. K. N. (London, W.C.), Noëlle French (Mount Talbot), A. L. G. (Bounds Green), Freda Clarke (Rugby), George R. McKeith (Iowa, U.S.A.), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghy), F. W. Kuliche (Walton-on-the-Hill), G. H. Browning (Watford), May Barham (Bassaleg), Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), W. S. Lockhart (Port Sunlight), B. I. Evans (Stroud Green), V. M. (Manchester), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Elsie Simmonds (Manchester), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup), Frances Helen Jackson (Lincoln), William C. Pocock (Lincoln), A. A. S. (Strawberry Hill), T. Disney (Bristol), Wilfred W. Kershaw, Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), Rachel L. Manners (Stamford), Anthea (Seaton), Robert Barton (Plaistow), Ruth B. Robinson (Hunstanton), B. Dickens Lewis (Crickhowell), Annie Smith (Great Harwood).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Irene Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

THE GREAT HUNGER. By J. BOJER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"I've got a pain inside."
H. S. LEIGH, *Only Seven.*

We also select for printing:

A NEW WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING.
By GLEMENTINA BLACK. (Collins.)
"There are forty feeding like one."
W. WORDSWORTH.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

THE STORY OF A SUCCESS.
By P. H. PEARSE. (Maunsel.)
"I've bought some bacon."
ED. LEAR, *Eclogue.*

(Joyce Reed, Langbaurgh, Yarm, Yorkshire.)

A SPORTING OFFER. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
(Ward, Lock.)
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse."
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III., V.* 4.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best six lines of orginal verse to the British housewives is awarded to H. W. Mottram, of 27, Moscow Court, Queen's Road, W.2, for the following:

"Carry on," they said—with a smile you bore the brunt,
You faced the surly shopman and the queue;
You made the most of rations and bravely held your front,
Though the grumbles and the growls were not a few.
But when victory is ours there'll be a history planned
Of the battles that were won in the kitchens of the land.

From the numerous replies received, many of them very good, we select for special commendation the twelve by W. Sutherland (Sunderland), Violet E. Dismore (Southend), Maud Sutherland (Bromley), Dowager Countess De La Warre (Easter Duddingstone), Richard Tucker (Tavistock), Lily W. James (Banbury), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Edward H. Forster (Thorne), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), W. F. Crossland (Sheffield), Joan Palmer (Bournemouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to William Saunders, of 102, Comiston Road, Edinburgh, for the following:

SOME SUGGESTIONS IN ETHICS.
By BERNARD BOSANQUET, D.C.L., LL.D.
(Macmillan.)

The real value of Dr. Bosanquet's latest book lies, as the title would imply, in its suggestiveness. It makes the reader think, whether he will or not. Largely a study

AN AMAZING RECORD.

The Progress of Pelmanism.

AMONG the many notable achievements of the past three years the triumphant progress of "Pelmanism" stands out as wonderful in every way.

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Professional men (including Solicitors, Barristers, Doctors, Auditors, Accountants, Journalists, Clergymen, etc.) report in terms of gratitude and satisfaction. Many who began the Pelman Course in a mood of avowed sceptism became enthusiasts before the end of the Course.

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"Under a business government," says a famous London Editor, "the Pelman System would become a part of our national education."

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Hundreds of Pelmanists describe the Course as "the best investment I have ever made." "A single one of the little grey books would be cheap to one at £100," is another remark often made.

"Before taking this Course," writes a business man, "I would never have believed it possible to reap such wonderful advantages in money, position, and economy of time and work."

Truth says, after investigating the records of Pelman students: "Not one has expressed dissatisfaction. . . . On the other hand, there are very many who have found the results exceed their most sanguine expectations. . . . **If the full significance of the facts set forth were fully recognised the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by those anxious to plant their feet firmly on the road to success.**" —("*Truth.*")

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"Pelmanism" is not an occult science; it is free from mysticism; it is as sound, as sober, and as practical as the most hard-headed "common-sense" business man could desire. And as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise.

It is nowhere pretended, and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose, that the promised benefits are gained "magically," by learning certain formulæ, or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same, again, as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book; he knows he must practise the physical exercises. Similarly the Pelmanist knows he must practise mental exercises.

There are thousands of people of all classes who would instantly enrol for a Pelman Course at any cost if they only realised a tithe of the benefits accruing. Here again, a Pelmanist may be cited in evidence: "*If people only knew,*" he says, "*the doors of the Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants.*"

Who can *afford* to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.'s and a member of the Upper House enrolled. Run through the current Pelman Register, and therein you will find British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty and other Government officials, University Graduates, Students, Tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Peers, Peeresses, and men and women of wealth and leisure, as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers, and others of the rank-and-file of the nation.

OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. *It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.* It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles.

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"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* famous Report and a form entitling readers of THE BOOKMAN to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day and learn all there is to know about the "little grey books" and the wonderful things that other men and women are accomplishing by their aid.

OVERSEAS ADDRESSES:—*Melbourne, 46, Market Street; Toronto, 15, Toronto Street; Durban, Club Arcade.*

in relative values, the author at once gets down to fundamentals. Such chapters as "Living for Others," which almost immediately resolves itself into an examination of the principle of "Dying for Others"; "Value and Goodness"; "The Reality of Evil"; "Punishment" and "Stupidity," are each and all essays in such aspects of the very basis of morality as cannot now be ignored, especially in connection with the coming period of reconstruction.

We also select for printing:

PEACE OF MIND.
(Melrose.)

It is a fascinating title in these days of "Sturm und Drang," reminding us there is a "peace which the world cannot give," and which may be ours even in the darkest hours of stress and turmoil; just as one may turn from the noonday glare of a July sun into the quiet of some old, dark church. The books which have brought peace to our author's heart are not those in which every man would seek peace. However, "there is no shrine but has its pilgrim," remarked Sainte-Beuve, and so we must leave our essayist to his chosen few.

(S. Hunter, L.L.A., 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.)

THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS.
By EDITH WHERRY.
(The Bodley Head.)

All who are interested in China should certainly read this book, for, besides being unusually well written as a novel, it contains very vivid and realistic descriptions of the life, ways and habits of the Chinese. The heroine, Tung Mei, is a typical specimen of her race—half-childish, half-cunning, intensely superstitious; and her passionate love for a little English boy whom she adopts forms the basis of the story. In her chequered life, Joy and Sorrow follow fast on one another's heels, but in the end Sorrow wins, and the book ends on a note of tragedy.

(Mary C. Mair, 142, Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.6.)

Limits of space prevent us from printing more, but we select for special commendation the twenty-two reviews by J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Vincent Hamson (Strand, W.C.), B. M. Tylee (Bath), Arthur Davidson (Glasgow), A. H. Boylan (Eastbourne), Glenny Smeal (Edinburgh), E. Kathleen White (Hammersmith), H. Leonard (Skipton), Francis Hews (Swansea), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Elsie D. Pedley (Halifax), C. Dawson (Llandudno), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Enid Coggin (Horsham), J. J. Freeman (Shepperton), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Maud Montagu Bruce (Sunningdale), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

THE REAL SWINBURNE.*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

CONTRASTING the picture of Swinburne in the book before us, with that recently drawn by Mr. Edmund Gosse in the "Life," one cannot more aptly indicate the difference between the two portraits than by quoting a poignant and beautiful stanza penned in the early 'nineties by Mr. Gosse himself:

"Life that, when youth was hot and bold,
Leaped up in scarlet and in gold,
Now walks, by graver hopes possessed,
In russet and in silver dressed."

In Mr. Gosse's picture we see the torrent of Swinburne's earlier life dance and swirl between rocky banks, and against a summer background of scarlet and gold. In that drawn by Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton-Rickett we watch the same river serenely pursue its way, past autumn meadows of russet and silver, to its nearing and destined end, where:

". . . even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

There is, and should be, here, no clash of aims or of interests. It is true that Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton-Rickett venture some frank criticisms, first of Mr. Gosse's picture of the later Swinburne, and, secondly, of the failure (as they hold it to be) on Mr. Gosse's part to do justice to Watts-Dunton. That Mr. Gosse's unfailing courtesy and urbanity will be in the least ruffled thereby no one for a moment supposes, but that some who feel strongly on the matter—whether seeing eye to eye with Mr. Gosse or with his critics—will take up the challenge, and a heated controversy ensue, is quite probable. Any such possible or probable controversy, and the upshot, are at the time when these lines are penned "on the knees of the gods"—of Grub Street—and there they may conveniently be left.

Having thus, from our "crow's nest" look-out, signalled "breakers ahead!" and indicated the quarter whence they may come, we turn to examine the cargo of letters carried in the ship which is captained by Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton-Rickett. First a glance at the captains' certificates. Mr. Hake, whose death while the work was in progress is to be deplored, had known Swinburne long and intimately, even before the time when, as Watts-Dunton's personal friend and trusted secretary, he was, to the last, more or less in daily communication with Swinburne. Mr. Compton-Rickett is of a younger generation. After leaving Cambridge, where he took his LL.D., he became a lecturer on English History and English Literature at Oxford and at London University. Since then he has written several books, notably "The Vagabond in Literature," to which George Meredith paid high tribute, "William Morris: A Study in Personality," and, in collaboration with Mr. Hake, "The Life and Letters of Watts-Dunton." Moreover, a frequent visitor at "The Pines" during what Mr. Gosse would probably hold to be "the years which the locust hath eaten"—those in which Swinburne lived with Watts-Dunton—Mr. Compton-Rickett writes with inner knowledge, which lends weight to what he says.

Asked whether the publication of these letters of

* "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne: With Some Personal Recollections." By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Swinburne adds anything of high import to the Literature of Letter-writing, one's answer must surely be "No." Except for a penetrating and illuminating criticism of Rossetti's "Poems," the literary value or interest of the letters is not great. But some of us, remembering the long-ago days in which we read our Swinburne, just as, a hundred years hence, the poetry-loving youth and maiden will read him, and will picture him to themselves as we pictured him then—the Singer of the Sunrise and the Sea, the Lover, in love with love, and crowned with immortal youth—to those of us, who once so thought and perhaps still so think of Swinburne, these letters will be accounted fascinating. In some of them we see Swinburne examining his own features, as it were, in the glass, tilting the mirror this way and that, to get another angle of vision. In others he lays bare the springs of impulse, the sources of his passionate likes or dislikes, the secrets of his weakness and of his strength. In not a few of them—those addressed to Watts-Dunton, and in which, recalling his Eton days, Swinburne speaks of himself as "your minor"—we see the sparkle of his delightful humour, his radiating sense of fun, and glimpses of the Peter Pan boy-heart which lived on in him to the last.

It is the light which, first in the Introduction, then in the Letters, and, lastly, in the admirable chapter, "Swinburne at 'The Pines,'" is thrown upon Swinburne's personality—not the light which Swinburne himself throws upon the subjects he discusses—which gives the work such interest. Only perhaps by those who knew the poet personally can the full measure of the vividness and faithfulness of Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton-Rickett's picture be realised. They make no attempt to conceal their affection for Swinburne as a man, their reverence for him as a poet. But wherein they have served his memory, and greatly, is that they have resolutely forsworn that besetting sin of the biographer—indiscriminating eulogy.

When an author goes out into the wilderness, to write the life of a great man, it is as if a devil, as personal almost as mankind's ancient enemy—the devil of Eulogy—leads him to some high place, to tempt that unhappy author, and his still more unhappy subject, over the precipice of Eulogy. There has been no such menace to the reputation of certain great writers, who might be named, as the Eulogy, miscalled a "Life," penned by a misguided admirer. "Get thee behind me, Eulogy!" may well have been on the lips of the authors of "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne." As a result we are shown Swinburne as he was, and more or less nakedly, but not, one hastens to add, in the sense in which Mr. George Moore has so pictured him. Mr. Hake and Mr. Compton-Rickett show alike what was great and what was small in Swinburne. They show him tempted and lured to his own undoing by the same High Devil of Eulogy of which we have spoken. They do not even spare us the picture of him, for once succumbing to the promptings of that peculiarly contemptible "deviling" or "devilette"—spite—as when Swinburne seeks to bind his publisher, Mr. Chatto, to accept no more work from Robert Buchanan for *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It is, one repeats, the sincerity and the impartiality with which the authors write that give this work its value. They neither gloss over what

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was weak nor exaggerate what was commanding. They show Swinburne, his failings notwithstanding, as a great gentleman no less than a great genius, and, in his later days at least, a personality of singular lovableness. So too with Watts-Dunton. They claim for him no more than his due; they admit that he too had his weaknesses, and that "where these weaknesses coincided with Swinburne's, they intensified, by reaction, the poet's own shortcomings."

The lines in inverted commas are from the Introduction. Turn to the final chapter, "Swinburne at 'The Pines,'" and you shall find these reactionary influences significantly illustrated.

"A visitor had let fall some remark about Hazlitt's critical work, and Swinburne's face assumed an expression of frozen anger.

"'We don't mention Hazlitt's name here,' said Watts-Dunton, in a hurried whisper, as if reference had been made to an objectionable neighbour. 'Neither I, nor Swinburne, care to talk about him, on account of his abominable treatment of Coleridge.'"

One admits that to a writer who, as in Mr. Compton-Rickett's case, has a keen sense of humour, and has occasionally contributed to *Punch*, the temptation to put this comical incident on record must have been well-nigh irresistible, but was it not a little cruel, thus comically to recall Alice in Wonderland and the Mad Hatter?

An unsuccessful author who was both parson-baiter and cynic, once said in our hearing that the four and only creatures "without a conscience" were cats, spiders, editors—and clergymen. Had he phrased it "without mercy," instead of "without a conscience," one would be tempted, in the case of Algernon Charles Swinburne, to add "and some biographers."

New Books.

POETRY AND VERSE.

Two volumes of poetry to seven of verse is not at all a bad proportion. One knows what to expect from Mr. Sturge Moore, and that is something individual, arresting, haunting. "The Little School"[1] fills our happiest expectations. Here are little songs such as a child might sing to himself before ever the shades of the prison-house begin to close upon him. They are songs of innocence, with a radiant and lovely fancy. There is a deal of the young lamb's heart amid these songs, and no hint that it is a grown man remembering. All is fresh and sweet as gardens of childhood long ago. One lingers over the poems like a lapful of flowers, not knowing which to take for sweetest where all are so sweet. Perhaps the "Tale of an Ass" is loveliest of all, but it is complete in itself and must not have a petal plucked away. Here is something taken quite at random, to give people who do not know Mr. Sturge Moore a taste of his quality. This is "Lullaby II.":

"Stripped thee when thou hast and girt
Thy clean night-shirt:
Leap into thy soft, snug bed;
Lay down thy head:
Sleep, and in thy white cot be
A picture for the stars to see.

"Cling not to the game that's dead:
Be glad instead
After all thy falls and frowns
That silence drowns
All that any star might see
To make such clear light sad for thee.

"Sleep, sleep:
Down, down
Through silence good and deep,
Down, down;
Sink as through a well, each trace
Or of spite, of sulk, or frown
Dying out from thy still face
Till asleep thou dreaming lie—
A sight to charm the moon on high
And hold her longer in the sky."

This beautiful poetry is made up nearly all of one-syllable words, small and pure as a violet or a dew-drop.

Our second poet is new to me, as a poet, but "The Wide Garden"[2] gives assurance of Mr. Herbert Tremaine as a new poet, a poet of sensitiveness and tenderness. His inspiration is often Irish and the feel of the poems is Irish, but one is not always sure of the words—"kittiwake" for example; is the word known in Ireland? And he evidently pronounces Ballinasloe as Ballinasloo, to judge by the rhyming. These things are nothing, of course, but they suggest an Irishman who has not lived in Ireland nor been much in association with Irish people. He has ears to hear the crying of little and oppressed creatures; and he has knowledge of the beauty that is in the world and the woodlands, and love and the heart of man and God. Many of his poems sound as a cry, for he is full of pity. Here is something which represents him fairly, if not quite at his best:

THE LITTLE HOURS.

"When the angel whom men call Death
Has set us down in his wherry:
And soft, as the flight of a breath
We have forded that cloudy ferry;
Oh, dearest, most true and most kind,
When our fears no longer lie on
Our hearts, nor the veils on our eyes:
When our love no longer is blind;
When our hopes no longer are base:
What house shall we choose in Zion?
What fields in Paradise
For our dwelling-place?

"Not a mansion of moonstone and gold,
Not a silver and sapphire tower
With the shining base of it shoaled
In a meadow of asphodel flower:
But, rebuilded of starry stuff,
A little house such as this is,
Green-girdled, with rooms that are few:
A house that is little enough
For the losing of no footfall,
For the merry blowing of kisses,
Where, suddenly longing for you,
I shall hear you call."

After all—I have a third poet, Mr. Olaf Baker. "The Questing Heart"[3] has the tumult of youth. The poems are extraordinarily personal. They are passionate and sensuous—and they are full of vitality. He is a young soul in revolt, and the revolt is extraordinarily interesting. We shall hear of Olaf Baker again. Sometimes he has a liquid passage which he might have captured from one of the woodland birds he loves; as in "A Lesser Poet":

"Like his the low and liquid notes,
That issue as the light grows less
Where the dead leaf for ever floats
On the grey pools of quietness."

[1] "The Little School." By Sturge Moore. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

[2] "The Wide Garden." By Herbert Tremaine. 3s. net. (Daniel.)

[3] "The Questing Heart." By Olaf Baker. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

or, in "The Market on the Hill":

"And while you trade within your ring
Of preferential tariff walls,
For us the heron stoops her wing
Along the lower waterfalls.

"All night for you the furnace keeps
The rhythm of heat, the beat of death,
While past your sweating windows sweeps
The wind's long sanctitude of breath."

Yes, Olaf Baker is a poet. A word in his ear: he should beware of Cockney rhymes.

Miss Beatrice Chase has made her own of Dartmoor, and her "Gorse Blossoms"[4] contain many felicities. She has a sense of beauty and of music, a clear, simple, varicoloured vocabulary, and she has watched the moor with love through all its changing moods. Many of her verses have considerable charm, and the pictures make one envy Miss Chase and her delightful Dartmoor cottage.

Mr. E. V. Rieu, in "The Tryst, and Other Poems,"[5] shows a real love of beauty and an aptitude for dignified, even stately lines, which make him at home in the sonnet, but the fire that would fuse this pleasant verse to poetry is lacking, though now and again there are glimpses of it.

Mrs. Allhusen wrote beautiful stories. "The Rose-Garden" was worthy of its name. Her verse—what an allurement it has for those who can do so well in prose!—has a gracious air. The lover of beauty and the refined and sensitive spirit attuned to all the music of the world, are in this collection of her verse—"April Moods."[6] There is considerable beauty in the thought very often, as there is melody and charm in the words.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

MR. ASQUITH'S PARERGA.*

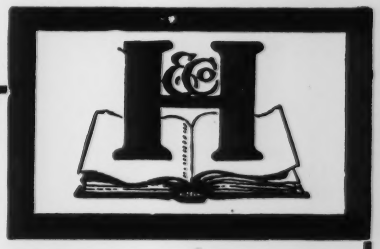
Mr. Asquith is (so far) the last of a distinguished line—the line of prime ministers with scholarly tastes and bookish enthusiasms. Indeed, it is worthy of remark that the three sometime premiers now living are all conspicuously literate. Lord Rosebery has some excellent volumes to his credit, and is remarkable also for the books that he ought to have written and hasn't—notably the life of Disraeli. Mr. Balfour has addressed the British Association on science, the English Association on literature, the Scottish theologians on religion, and has published weighty treatises and lighter essays, including one on Handel, whose music we are told he plays with philosophic gravity on the English concertina. Mr. Asquith, a distinguished scholar of Balliol, has spoken with authority to the Classical Association on classics, to the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh on the history of university education, to the Royal Society (of which he is a Fellow) upon its comparatively cheerful past, and to the assembled learning of Winchester in a speech writ in choice Latin, with a final diversion into Greek. The torch is still in his hand. Will it ever be handed on?

"What is to come we know not; but we know
That what has been is good."

The present volume collects the non-political orations he has delivered to various audiences during the last twenty-five years. His subjects include Biography, Criticism, Archeology, and general literature, together with the careers of notable men upon whose lives he has had to pronounce *oraisons funèbres*. Of all living statesmen Mr. Asquith is the one who can best bear the dry light of print. Mr. Birrell is excellent indeed, but altogether slighter. Mr. Balfour's lengthy sentences with their saving clauses and parenthetic fine shades sound quite intelligible when he is speaking, but are apt to be awkward

[4] "Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor." By Beatrice Chase. 2s. net. (Longmans.)
[5] "The Tryst, and Other Poems." By E. V. Rieu. 3s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)
[6] "April Moods." By Beatrice Allhusen. 2s. 6d. net. (Humphreys.)

* "Occasional Addresses, 1893–1916." By the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)



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and illucid on paper. There are others whose fervid utterances have all the appearance of oratory till we come to read them, and find that the hot air has become a very perceptible frost. Mr. Asquith's personal example through so long a time might have been expected to raise the general level of Parliamentary speaking; but to suppose that would be to assume that politicians are teachable. The fact of course is that:

> "When in the House M.P.'s divide,
> If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
> They've got to leave that brain outside
> And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to."

You will find, if you are curious in such matters, Parliamentary utterances bristling with false concords and wrong cases. Is it mere pedantry to bother about such things? Possibly; but this is the point: the gentlemen of England who gaily murder the English language would feel ashamed for ever if they made a false quantity in Latin. We shall hardly flourish under legislators who feel that English is no language for a gentleman. Indifference to the beauty of our Imperial tongue cannot be considered essential even in Imperialists, no matter how fastidious they may be in the *patois* of the public schools.

Mr. Asquith's sense of formal beauty in phrase and sentence is singularly acute. You can detect it in the least premeditated utterances of debate as often as in the considered orations printed in this volume. Not for nothing has his reading been as wide and choice as the present pages indicate; but he is no mere echo of other writers. Upon imitation he has himself something to say in the address entitled "Culture and Character." No doubt he, too, like the Stevenson he quotes, has played the sedulous ape to many masters, but without injury to his own originality; for, as readers of Stevenson's famous essay are apt to forget, the writers who can profit most from the discipline of imitation are those who need it least. Some qualities of good writing, however, are imitable by all and any of us; and Mr. Asquith may be taken as a model of three great excellences—lucidity, economy and balance.

In such occasional addresses as are here reprinted, the matter is apt to be somewhat vague and general, and open to the discussion that politeness prevents it from ever receiving. I find myself stirred up to question by Mr. Asquith's view of criticism. To him the critic is an interpreter, who must have no strong views of his own, who must not deal in sentences of excommunication and threats of anathema, who must not usurp the mantle of the prophet. "Criticism in its best and largest sense," he writes, "must be impersonal." I suggest that these are impossible demands. Mr. Asquith's view of criticism, as he is forced himself to recognise, would exclude Carlyle and Ruskin and Coleridge, and even Matthew Arnold. The only sort of writing that could answer to Mr. Asquith's description is the bland reviewing printed in the more timid papers afraid of offending the advertisers. There never has been a critic of the front rank who did not deal out prophecy and exhortation and anathema. Criticism "in its best and largest sense" must be as personal as creation, or it will be neither large nor good. Great critics are men of strong personality, just as the most memorable actors are those with the most pronounced individuality. The distinction that Mr. Asquith tries to draw between the critic and the creator is purely theoretical. The critic is, in fact, a creator; but with this difference, that the creator as artist derives his impulse mainly from life, and the creator as critic derives his impulse mainly from art. All art is, in a sense, a criticism of life, for it represents the artist's view of things; and the greater the artist's native force of character the more valuable is his view, even when his greatness has to be paid for by the occasional exorbitances and extravagances that are the inevitable defects of originality. Whether the book be "Paradise Lost" or a criticism of "Paradise Lost," it is the man behind the book that counts.

Behind Mr. Asquith's own speeches there is certainly a man; and behind these addresses in particular a man of wide reading and persuasive charm. The literary and historical papers have this authentic quality of good criticism: they stimulate the reader to renewed enthusiasm for the best, and they offer in themselves a model of sane and measured utterance.

George Sampson.

DREAM CHILD COME TRUE.*

To separate the different threads of interest that are so skilfully woven into the texture of "Dream Child Come True" as to form an essential part of it—there is the delicately handled love story of Glyn Bosanquet and the gentle, spectacled Mary Clayton, daughter of the vicar and everybody's slave at the vicarage; there is the love of the beautiful Irene Luttrell for Glyn, who is alternately attracted to her and repelled by her independent, modern-girl manners and opinions. It is Mary's exquisite simplicity and old-fashioned femininity that appeal to Glyn; her brave indifference to poverty and shabbiness, her child-like joy in small pleasures and gratitude to those who give them to her. There is the reticent love of the eminent specialist, Dr. Bond, for Irene, who works as his secretary, and comes very slowly to a realisation that he has more than an unemotional respect for her as a competent business assistant. Your interest is taken, too, in the lives and characters of the vicar and his wife, of the quaint Miss Pippingford and her companion Miss Ilott, of the handsome widow Mrs. Louise Charles, fretting to return to her early professional career and hampered with a large and young family—a whole little world of varied men and women whose stories blend inevitably with the central narrative about Irene's sister Alice and her husband Harry Bosanquet, the brother of Glyn.

Alice's early ambitions had been, as Irene said, "thoroughly suburban." She had looked forward to "a house in Luneham Road, and three children." When she married Harry Bosanquet she had a house that was larger and pleasanter than any in Luneham Road, but the years passed and she remained childless. She had wealth, and the love of her husband, and had grown deeply in love with him and reconciled to his methodical habits and quiet insistence on having his own way in things—she had all she could desire, except children of her own. Presently she grew weary of comforting herself with dream-children whose little figures haunted the loneliness of the big house, and began more and more to yearn to satisfy her heart-hunger by adopting the children of somebody else. She ventured to propose this to her husband, but he was emphatically opposed to it. She found occasions to return to the subject, and plead again and again, but his mind was so made up that, though he was kind and understanding, he refused even to discuss it. When there seemed no hope of his yielding, the good-natured blundering of Miss Pippingford was largely responsible for bringing about the desired event, and two of the impulsive Mrs. Charles's children changed hands and became Alice's by adoption. Then, after she had burgeoned into perfect happiness, had given all her heart to them, and they had learned to love her as their mother, came the poignant danger of losing them, for the irresponsible Mrs. Charles, getting on well in Paris, had changed her mind, and thought she would like to have them back again.

Not a novel of the conventional brand, but no novel could be more engrossingly interesting. It has delightful touches of humour; the pathos of it is real and unforced; its people are real, and their characters are sketched in with knowledge and with most sympathetic insight. No more natural children than Peter and Dove ever lightened the pages of a book. The appeal of the story is to readers in general, but the charm of it centres on Alice and the children, and child-lovers in particular will delight in it.

H. H.

* "Dream Child Come True." By Marjory Royce. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A POET'S PILGRIMAGE.*

Mr. Davies shows in this book—as he has shown in others—that a good poet can write good prose; and the exceptions to this rule are more apparent than true. A real poet will not write bad prose, but an indifferent poet will sometimes write intolerable prose. That freshness of perception, that directness and simplicity, that brightness of spirit, which give distinction to Mr. Davies' verse, give distinction to this book also. The subject of the book does not seem, at a glance, a propitious subject; for although he records the experiences of a walk through South Wales and part of the West of England, he deals little with picturesque natural features, but rather with miles-long streets, miners, hard drinkers, pedlars and vociferous children. Through these vast, snake-like areas Mr. Davies walks like a caliph in disguise, saying to himself, "My mind to me a kingdom is," and extending his mental sovereignty over the people and places of his travels. He is a stranger come down to a smoky earth, viewing it with the curiosity due to once familiar and now changed scenes. He is easily at home, and people are at home with him, giving him—and the reader—that best of casual talk—talk of themselves, of their own lives, their opportunities, their tragedies. "No doubt," he says with perfect truth, "my face had a pleasantness that people liked to see"—a pleasantness which, unfortunately, no artist or photographer has adequately caught. He meets a man whose dejection is striking, and at a word a story of misfortune is poured out. "I have been disappointed in a woman, and that is why I am here now, wishing I was struck by lightning or drowned in a flood." Mr. Davies' prose comment is delightful:

"I was so sorry for this poor fellow that, though I am far from being a rich man, I could not find it in my heart to offer him less than a shilling.

"However, although he took it, it seemed to be with the utmost indifference. This made me think that his grief had had such an effect on him that he did not value his life at all, and for that reason was quite indifferent to the things that maintained it. For, while he was in this troubled state, he would not feel hunger acutely; and, as he would not be able to sleep well, he had no particular care to lie in a comfortable bed.

"After advising him to harden his heart, and settle in some strange town where he would not be likely to meet anyone to remind him of the past, I left him and continued my journey towards Neath."—

but is less delightful than his verse comment:

"Only one Judas lived a man,
But every woman's one.

"Send down, O Lord, ten thousand Christs,
Each one as great as Christ Thy Son:
Not for all men, but just to make
One woman true, just one."

Without a change of tone, without any conscious effort, he turns to the purest beauty:

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XUM

the music of whose names he has made one with the music of his verse:

"Can I forget the sweet days that have been,
The villages so green I have been in;
Llantarnam, Magor, Malpas and Llanwern,
Liswery, old Caerleon, and Alteryn?"

The verse was written years ago, and is to be found in "Songs of Joy." The appearance of some of these places in the present volume shows how faithful is the poet's affection for the elements of his own spiritual memory, and how finely a writer may carry on from poetry to prose a by no means exhausted impetus.

JOHN FREEMAN.

THE BRITISH IN CAPRI, 1806-1808.*

Most persons know that Tiberius, according to Suetonius, indulged in many abominable practices at Capreæ, and that in our own time Wilhelm II. had a villa there. But that the British ever occupied this island, sacred to imperial retirements, will probably come as news even to fairly well-informed students of history; though it is possible that admirers of the talents of that rising young novelist may remember that Mr. Compton Mackenzie wrote "Guy and Pauline" there. None the less it is a fact that in June, 1806, Sir Sidney Smith captured Capri for King George III., that the beautiful island remained in our possession for more than two years, and that in October, 1808, when Joachim Murat was King of Naples, a French force of 3,000 men under General la Marque wrested Capri from our military governor there, Colonel Lowe. The commander, under Colonel Lowe, of Anacapri during the two years of British occupation was Captain Richard Church, a young soldier of Quaker origin on whose papers Sir Lees Knowles, the historian of this episode in our Napoleonic wars, largely relies for his brisk and graphic narrative of events. Those who like to wander in the byways of history, and to trace the early careers of two famous men, one Sir Hudson Lowe, the considerate and vilely-maligned gaoler of Napoleon, the other, Sir Richard Church, the commander of the Greek armies in the War of Liberation, should make a point of reading Sir Lees Knowles's informing and entertaining volume. It is full of good things, and contains no padding.

CECIL RHODES: MAN AND EMPIRE MAKER.†

Wilkie Collins used to describe the official life of Charles Dickens as "The Life of John Forster, with Occasional Anecdotes of Charles Dickens." In similar fashion we might fairly call Princess Radziwill's study of Cecil Rhodes "A Panegyric of Alfred Milner, interspersed with Depreciations of Cecil Rhodes." Whether Viscount Milner actually occupies as much space in the Princess's book as Cecil Rhodes we are not prepared to say; but certainly he seems to loom as large. Whereas, too, the sometime High Commissioner is presented in every instance as the sane, selfless, level-headed, courteous patriot, gifted with indomitable patience and long views, the "Empire-maker" is credited again and again with brutality, dissimulation, jealousy, vanity and irascibility, his very patriotism, so the Countess will have it, being largely tinged with mere vulgar megalomania and with an absurd belief in the omnipotence of money. Rhodes's political bankruptcy was due, it seems, to his fatal weakness for retaining about him, and allowing to act for him, the very queer customers with whom he was associated in his mining days, men whom he despised, but whose flattery he could not do without. Whether so belittling a view of Rhodes is a true view is more than we can say. Nor can we gather what authority Princess Radziwill has for setting forth this view. Whether she was an intimate friend of Rhodes's or only an acquaintance does not appear. Certainly it may be regarded as uncommonly strange that in a biography, written with such obvious bias *against* its subject, no letter or other document signed by him should be quoted. Various recondite ways have been discovered of writing a man's life; but this surely is a new method with a vengeance. On one famous occasion, Dr. Johnson, having vainly endeavoured to interrupt the eloquence of a lady who would persist in praising him to his face, was compelled to silence her by asking her what her flattery was worth. In this case of Princess Radziwill versus Cecil Rhodes we should very much like to know what the lady's dyslogistic expressions are worth.

W. A. L. B.

* "The British in Capri, 1806-1808." By Sir Lees Knowles, Bart. 15s. net. (John Lane.)

† "Cecil Rhodes: Man and Empire Maker." By Princess Catherine Radziwill. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE.

The Indian renaissance has reached a stage where even the most superficial traveller cannot help noticing signs of it wherever he goes in India. New life is coursing through the entire body politic. Movements of all sorts—literary, artistic, social, moral and spiritual—are being constantly ushered in.

The author of this book*—an American journalist—was told by Sardar Jogendra Singh—the genial editor of the *East and West* (Simla) and the author of several fascinating novels—that contact with the West "has awakened (in India) once more national emotions, and a passion for high matters of human progress." The Sardar went on to relate that *maya*—the spirit of illusion—is gone. "A great movement for social good" has been initiated. The Indian heart has been set "aflame with deep religious, social and political questions."

This Sikh writer and reformer called the attention of the American newspaperman to "the new literary movement" in India. People in provinces like Bengal and Bombay, who have been in contact with the British for over a century, have already "turned from rivers of English literature to freshly-found fountains of their own." The creations of men like Tagore retain "the loveliness, simplicity, and fine melody of the old, but (are) animated by a new and positive influence."

Sardar Jogendra Singh informed Mr. Mackenzie that Dr. Mohammad "Iqbal has initiated a new era in Urdu poetry. This poet does not sing of self-effacement, but holds forth self-affirmation as essential to self-preservation." The American journalist ought to have been told that Iqbal has written a patriotic lay—*Hindostan Hamara* (Our India)—which the reviewer has heard sung in all parts of India and by Indians in Britain and the United States of America.

Mr. Mackenzie had a glimpse of the progress that is being made in many parts of India held and ruled by Indians, variously styled Rajas, Maharajas, Nawabs, etc. He gives a brief account of Bikanir—a State nearly twice as large as Belgium. He describes the present Maharaja as "tall, broad-shouldered, handsome . . . ever affable and easy for all to approach, yet maintaining a dignity which brooks no familiarity." He was eighteen when he took over the reins of administration in 1887. "Railways, modern schools, an up-to-date hospital, a model prison, electric lighting, sanitary improvements, water supply systems, and beautiful public buildings," testify to his energy and progressive spirit. The author states that "sanitation is a hobby of His Highness," and that he "is said to have great architectural ability." He has trebled the revenue of the State, and contemplates employing measures that will greatly increase the prosperity of his subjects. He believes that "the greatness of a ruler lies in the greatness of his people," and has voluntarily set up a representative Assembly, which he is steadily developing.

The Maharaja of Bikanir is one of the Indian Sovereign-Rulers who came to fight personally for the King-Emperor.

* "The Awakening of India." By De Witt Mackenzie. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Speaking of his kinsman, the Maharaja of Jodhpur (Marwar), His Highness said :

" . . . When the war broke out His Highness was only sixteen years old, and since he was not of age the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, had not selected him for active service. But the Maharaja wrote a personal and voluntary letter to the Viceroy beseeching His Excellency to let him go to France, and spiritedly adding : ' I have two younger brothers, so what does it matter if I am killed.' The earnestness of His Highness prevailed, and he got his way."

The American writer emphasises the fact that the Germans expected that India would rise as soon as she found Britain embroiled on the Continent. The head of the Criminal Intelligence Department in India and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab gave him some details of attempts made by disaffected Indians in league with the Germans to create trouble. But the people at large, educated and otherwise, refused to countenance such efforts. In " many cases they gave information against the rebels and assisted the authorities in their arrest." As a consequence, all attempts failed miserably. Indian policemen posed as revolutionaries and wormed out secrets. As the result of his travel the author found that

" There is great unrest in India, but it has little in common with sedition. It is a healthy unrest, the evidence of a yearning for better things. It is the type of disquiet that has made great nations what they are, an agitation without which progress must cease and decay set in."

From the replies that Mr. De Witt Mackenzie got from Indians whom he interviewed, it must have been clear to him that no responsible Indian, however desirous of political progress, wishes immediately and completely to end British rule in India. Dr. Ewing—an American missionary engaged in educational work in the Punjab, and who was some time ago appointed Vice-Chanceller of the Punjab University—stated that while India could not at once be given Home Rule, the British Government " have always had in mind the ultimate granting of Home Rule to the people of Hindostan." While admitting that religion causes strife in India, he felt that it was not a " permanent barrier in the way of political progress in India."

Nearly all the information about British India contained in the book was obtained by the author from British officials—almost altogether in the form of interviews. As is to be expected, they follow familiar lines of facts and arguments. Mr. Mackenzie could have greatly added to the interest and value of his work if he had supplemented the semi-official statements with the views of Indians in the front rank of public life. For aught the reader knows, he did not discuss matters with a single Indian Muslim of standing—and it must be remembered that when the last Census was taken, there were 70,000,000 Muslims in India—one-fifth of the total Indian population. An interview with an Indian industrialist such as the Hon. Sir Ibrahim Rahimatullah, who, a short time ago, was appointed a member of the Executive Council (Cabinet) of the Governor of Bombay, would have greatly strengthened the part of the book dealing with industry, trade, and commerce. The figures in Mr. Mackenzie's interviews are meant to show progress, and need to be supplemented, especially those relating to education, if the reader is to form a correct estimate of the problems that have to be solved.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

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second, a voice from the battlefield's edge; the third, a voice from the study's desk.

The "Questions" of Ignotus are universal. Ignotus, persuaded that mankind needs a religion like that which Jesus is believed to have founded, yet holds that all existing churches and chapels are far astray in their principles of creed and conduct. Ignotus ranges forth many nails, and duly hits them on the head, without resultant carpentry of construction. In genial language, with store of apt quotation, this writer achieves the indictment of a nation. All the pulpits and congregations of Britain are out of touch with reality. When those chapters originally appeared in the *Manchester City News* (beginning with the conundrum—"Why are the pews empty?"), "thousands of letters were received from men and women of all schools of thought." What Ignotus seeks for us is—

"The original Christianity which could unite, in morals, virtue, and hopes, the whole rational world. This will be the foundation of a Universal Church."

Ignotus speaks up for the masses in many a pungent paragraph, and perhaps his criticisms are nearest to rebuilding when they demonstrate the farcical waste of opportunity in England's Sunday Schools. As for Church:

"The clergy blame the people, and the people blame the clergy. They are unsparing and irreconcilable. This is the worst of omens. . . . In a street of some sixty houses the death-rate is forty per thousand; the infant mortality ten times higher. When these horrors cease in England, I shall be ready to aid Foreign Missions. . . . If I made out a list of all the preachers to whom I have hearkened and from whom I have tried to derive benefit, the medley might seem almost grotesque. . . . They all differed, but that was not my fault. . . . From the day that I turned my back on Theology . . . I have been on the quest for religion. . . . The Religion I want will not consist of catchwords or elementary truisms, and my Faith requires firmer foundation than a convenient or well-sounding text. 'Believe and thou shalt be saved' is admirable enough; but what shall we believe? The hundred and seventy different Christian sects do not inform me."

Clergy, and students such as Professor Gardner, have to reckon with this kind of utterance. To love the style is not easy for the scholar. Still, parsons should read "The Questions of Ignotus." The book represents the rough-and-tumble in the midst of which lies their commission.

The seventeen Church of England chaplains—small blame to them, writing as most of them do from the trenches—present us with papers which overlap. Here, at times, we find Ignotus's proletariat expressing itself vitally, if not explicitly, through the jokeful Thomas Atkins. A world that laughs at itself is still young.

"Let no one think that we padres have come to believe in the British Expeditionary Force as a short cut to sanctity. There is another side to the picture, and it is not bright. . . . There are more heroes than saints in the Army."—(MACNUTT.)

"Warfare is just an orgy of monotony. The combined circumstances of this life do distinctly make against Religion."—(BARRY.)

Tommy condemns the Church of England system:

"'I cannot understand what it's all about.' Our presentation has been remote, unreal, divorced from the concrete needs. . . . And they say the Church does not stand to the nation for what they now believe is the spirit of Christ."—(BARRY.)

Mr. Worsley, in view of all this misunderstanding, inclines to a straight but narrow path.

"Let us definitely ask the Bench of Bishops for a lead in the matter of a real discipline and of the limits of theological speculation."

On the other hand, Mr. Linton Smith records how a High Church chaplain habitually dispensed Evening Communion to soldiers. Mr. Keymer writes:—

"You cannot patronise a man who does the sort of thing one sees done every day out here; you can only reverence him and try to learn from him."

"Until we have learnt to learn, our worship can have no plain relation to the lives of men."

Enough has been quoted to show that this compilation is a live document. What permanent effect will it have on the home Church? We must believe in the prevailing immortality of common sense.

Except for its closing page, Professor Gardner's treatise ignores war and the growls of democracy. His moderation of language (even when delivering a disembowelling stab at theology), his well-defended claim for plenary authority within its own lines of history as development, his courage, his faith in mankind and in the "o'ercam" of the song of struggle as heightened music, make this book a treasure for collectors searching out thought that feeds, and that strengthens consciousness of the reign of law. Turning from the other books here mentioned, to Dr. Gardner's first thirty pages, is like hearing, after a day's tempest in a valley, the waterfall lending its sigh of calm persistence to a night-hush of beauty. This *is*—in spirit, the reasonable religion of humanity, as high as we yet know it—the soul of evolutionary aspiration, the essence of duty, towards which Ignotus gropes. And yet we find Mr. Gardner, as a professed modernist, amazingly conservative of form. He considers progress intensive. For him (so far as this book shows), small sympathy with Roman Catholicism, less with Nonconformity: the living Church of England must be preserved as a sort of historical and perpetual sacrament for the nation. True:

"Of all appeals in our own days, the appeal to mere authority seems the most hopeless. . . . The life of Christ in the visible Church has been at an infinitely lower level than was the life of Christ in the historic Jesus."

However, the "historic Jesus" ultimately includes the Church, which stands in the future for Immanence and Transcendence, the life and death of the actual Jesus being proof-foundation of both doctrines. The experience of England and America points away from the dangers of barren individualism. "On all sides of us this belief in the Church is growing." Established creeds must be recited (not abolished or replaced by new-fangled forms) as re-interpreted, mainly by the ethic of their contents:

"We can no more take without scrutiny the views held by the Bishops at Nicæa [about the life of Jesus] than we can accept on similar authority views as to the antiquity of the earth."

The materialist Church of the Middle Ages supported itself on four doctrines now effete: the miraculous birth, the physical resurrection, apostolic succession, transubstantiation.

"With the Fall as historic fact goes necessarily its correlative, the taking away of original sin by the actual death of the Saviour on the Cross."

These three books (of which only the last belongs to literature) illuminate each other. We may be allowed to hope that the several authors will make a point of studying their colleagues' pleas. It would be interesting to hear a trenchful of modern warriors discussing subtle modernism like Dr. Gardner's.

One general remark is here advanced, principally and respectfully for the consideration of the teacher whose "Exploratio Evangelica" has already carried so many minds towards greater breadth in interpretation. If Christianity is no longer to be regarded as "cataclysmic," may not ethics develop Christ's religion as illustrative (the flashing of the Logos that more dimly lights every man) rather than as strictly originative—the Jesus life and teaching rather an incandescence (spontaneous brightening, warming, self-revealing of man's nature in something analogous to a cave existence) than an exceptionally-operated incarnation from without? We may yet come to acknowledge amply the divinest fact of history as this—Christ was *simpliciter et naturaliter homo*. Professor Gardner has made it clear that he would not look upon such a statement as connoting Unitarianism.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

PILGRIMAGE.*

Quite recently I read again in Dent's Wayfarers Library Mr. Lawrence's "Pilgrimage," a tale of real quality, and coloured with fantasies gathered upon the haunting shores of mediæval times. All this Mr. Lawrence handles with unerring art and simplicity. His monks and his ladies and the chorus of rustics in the background are living,

* "Mrs. Bente." By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. net. (Collins.)

petulant, rather coarse ordinary people with the small ambitions and habits we cherish in ourselves. Finely detached and tense stands Mr. Lawrence behind their junketings, shepherding his hero through the spiritual adventure of life.

Once again he returns to the theme, but this time he calls it, not "Pilgrimage," but "Mrs. Bente," and the scene is laid, not in the abundant days of the barons when all proper ladies were charmingly frail, but in the arid places of the East End and Nuneholm, where spiritual adventure is regarded with a distrustful eye.

Mr. Lawrence's new book opens and closes in the Clergy House at St. Brendans, and for once our author treats the Cloth without malice or exaggeration. The vicar and the Rev. Arthur Jerome are types admirably clear cut and restrained in treatment. With them is Gervase Bente, the curate, who is of those whom life seems fated to test by fire; not the figure of tragedy at once recognisable to the most obtuse onlooker. Bente is neither strong nor silent. His heroism even in determining to redeem a woman of the streets by marriage was not untinged with self-martyrdom. "But what devoté, what fanatic cares for the cost of the dear adventure?"

The cost of the dear adventure was Mrs. Bente, who was "a pretty lady" but not at all after the creation of Mr. Arnold Bennett. That Mr. Lawrence can make us believe in the love of Gervase for Poppy Parker is an artistic triumph. There is in his relationship with her a tenderness, trust and idealism that comes near to the heart of pathos. He asks for so little, and Poppy, like all her kind, finds in his patience and simplicity fair game. Long after, when he had fought for her and lost, "she seemed to him something worse than human, definitely more sinister, a being imbued with a positive influence for evil, a creature invested and inspired to destroy."

From the return from the honeymoon, and during their residence in a lordly suburb, Mrs. Bente is impossible—and intentionally so. The local personages are carefully etched. The rector, a remarkable achievement in character drawing, in mental and physical obeisance to the kind of portentous wife who unhappily is not the proud creation of a race of bards, but in church circles actually and terribly survives, regards Mrs. Bente with the bland lingering gaze of a bear in a cage. There is comedy—if touched with cynicism—in that, and one is grateful since the texture of this remarkable study is inevitably grey.

The crisis draws nearer with Mrs. Bente intriguing at Nuneholm, and the last stage of the pilgrimage is reached in their return to London. The realism of those final melancholy pages deepens and grows intolerable. One knows with Gervase that there *must* be an end. What end? To what destiny have they been carried? The chorus, in the vicar and Jerome, watch from aside the falling curtain. "They recognised that Gervase was changed—he had even—so the vicar of St. Brendans declared—deteriorated. The old spirit, the fire that had been lighted as at some Franciscan lamp, was diminished if not gone."

Gervase was a beaten man. He knew at last the completeness of his failure. Throughout one solitary night he awaits the return of Mrs. Bente with murder in his heart—surely the last confession of defeated manhood. He waits till the dawn returns and with it the letter that tells him she has run away.

I have headed this notice "Pilgrimage" because Gervase Bente set out upon a journey. But in the last words of the book Mr. Lawrence leaves us pondering upon a sentence that in its final isolation lies somewhere between laughter and tears—"He took his bicycle and rode rapidly to St. Brendans."

It is the last brilliant touch, the final comment upon the character of Gervase Bente, in a book which in its craftsmanship and masterly restraint, ranks Mr Lawrence very high amongst novelists of to-day.

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AIRFARE OF TO-DAY AND OF THE FUTURE.*

Those who want to know something about aeronautics should on no account overlook Mr. Edgar C. Middleton's little manual on "Airfare." When they have read this very instructive book, the work of a late Flight Sub-Lieutenant, they ought to have a very fair idea of the actual conditions of warfare by aeroplane. The author describes the surface of the earth from the point of view of map-reading, and the climatic and geographical conditions of flying, the progress made in the new science by the Great Powers up to the outbreak of the war, reconnaissance and photography, Airships and Zeppelins, Kite Balloons and Parachutes, Wireless and direction of artillery fire, bomb raids and aerial combat; and he discusses all these matters in a manner very lucid and agreeably free from needless technical jargon. It is a pity, however, that he omitted to get a friend to read his proof sheets; for Mr. Middleton possesses more command of his subject than he has of the English language, and occasionally indulges an awkward knack of converting active participles into passive ones. He talks, for instance, of an "oblivious distance," when he means a "forgotten distance," and of a "prescient danger," when he means an "anticipated danger." These literary defects are not however of very great importance; what is of importance is that, in the compass of less than two hundred pages, Mr. Middleton has contrived to pack quite a store of information regarding the latest arm of the war-service.

ANIMA POETAE.†

Under a melodious Latin title and between covers beautifully decorated by Mr. Sturge Moore with an emblematical rose, Mr. Yeats offers us some fruit of his meditations. We gather them eagerly, hoping to get from them knowledge of his most interesting mind. But we are not destined to be satisfied; for these reveries are hardly revelations, or revelations only for such few as have followed like paths of thought. For the rest of us Mr. Yeats's mind is like a country of delicately coloured clouds, of which the forms are beautiful but dissolve and change too quickly ever to be fully apprehended. Only now and again is an outline definite and stable enough for our own more solid minds to rest on.

In his first essay, "Anima Hominis," Mr. Yeats, if I have understood his thesis aright, would persuade us that the artist puts into his art not his self but his anti-self, the opposite which, in his divine discontent, he is always seeking to realise.

"When I shut my door and light the candle, I invite a Marmorean Muse, an art, where no thought or emotion has come to mind because another man has thought or felt something different, for now there must be no reaction, action only, and I begin to dream of eyelids that do not quiver before the bayonet: all my thoughts have ease and joy; I am all virtue and confidence. When I come to put in rhyme what I have found it will be a hard toil, but for a moment I believe I have found myself and not my anti-self. It is only the shrinking from toil that convinces me that I have been no more myself than is the cat the medicinal grass it is eating in the garden."

But is this antithesis between self and anti-self really sound? Is one more essentially self than the other? If the meanest of us has "two soul-sides," surely the poet has many, and each authentic. Poets "become what they sing," and the becoming must precede the singing, but the change is intensified and momentarily established by the act of song. Of the Yeatses we know, the lyrist, the alchemist, the dramatist and the dramaturge, the impatient satirist, is one more truly Yeats than the others? Or are none of them the real Yeats at all but the manifestation of one of his many anti-selves? We believed that in his successive writings, from "The Wanderings of Oisin" to "Responsibilities," we had been watching the development of a personality, but he tells us that it was only a procession of masks. It may be so, but I cannot help feeling that he speaks more truly through his poetry than through such a medium as these essays, that he is a better artist than psychologist.

In the second part of his book, "Anima Mundi," he tells us some of his secrets; how at one time, by laying beside his bed "certain flowers or leaves," he could evoke visions; how the experiences thus obtained tallied with those of other inquirers and were found to be confirmed in the writings of the old alchemists.

"The thought was again and again before me that this study had created a contact or mingling with minds who had followed a like study in some other age, and that these minds still saw and thought and chose. Our daily thought was certainly but the line of foam at the shallow edge of a vast luminous sea; Henry More's *Anima Mundi*, Wordsworth's 'immortal sea which brought us hither . . . and near whose edge the children sport,' and in that sea there were some who swam or sailed, explorers who perhaps knew all its shores."

He himself is an insatiable explorer and we cannot follow him on all his voyagings; but often, when we think we have lost him in the mists of the distance, the beacon of beauty offers us guidance if we can but take it; and sometimes the flashlight of a whimsical humour illumines the way.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Airfare of To-day and of the Future." By Edgar C. Middleton. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

† "Per Amica Silentia Lunae." By W. B. Yeats. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Novel Notes.

THE WAR-WORKERS. By E. M. Delafield. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

This story of the group of Voluntary War Workers in the great Midland Supply Depot at Questerham reads so much like truth that if Miss Delafield had not warned us in a prefatory note that its scenes and characters are imaginary we might have hesitated to catalogue it as a novel. The varied characters of the girls are so intimately and sympathetically drawn, and their whole lives in the hostel and on duty away from it pictured with such easy, vivid lifelikeness that you cannot easily persuade yourself it all has no actual existence outside these delightfully entertaining pages. Miss Delafield is shrewdly observant; she touches in the follies and weaknesses of her girls and women (the men, even Dr. Prince and John Trevellyan, play only comparatively small parts) with a pungent satirical humour, but there is no lack of understanding and of kindly human tolerance behind her satire, and if she laughs at the vanities and petty jealousies of her band of workers, she moves you also to admiration of their cheerfulness under hardships and exacting duties and their essential kindliness and loyalty to each other. The dominating figure in the book and at the hostel is the young aristocratic, self-sufficient Miss Vivian—the Director of the Supply Depot. Her masterful personality so obsesses her willing staff that, with the exception of the acute little Miss Jones, who sees through her from the first, all the girls are for ever breaking into praise and adoration of her ability and the ruthlessness with which she, often needlessly, overworks them and herself, and are slower than the reader to recognise that she is not actuated by a passionate patriotism but by an ecstatic sense of the importance of her official position, by a love of exercising authority, of being admired, of feeling indispensable and, as Dr. Prince is goaded into telling her bluntly, of getting somewhere where she can be "in the limelight all the time." There is just as much in the way of plot as might come naturally into any life, and the cleverness of the book is that it so thoroughly interests you in its people that the plot does not matter and you are scarcely aware that there is one. Miss Delafield has served in the V.A.D. and though her characters are imaginary, the detailed realism of this brilliant and amusing narrative convinces you that she has put much of personal experience into it.

THE TIDEWAY. By John Ayscough. 6s. net. (John Long.)

Here are fifteen short stories and "studies in temperament," sturdy and fragile, ranging in scope from a powerful Sicilian tragedy like "The Sacristans" to such airy trifles as the literary courtship in "A Prelude in Prose" or the rather tiresome railway-carriage argument in "By the Way." The author's skill in the subtler shades of characterisation is shown to excellent advantage in the opening story of the two sacristans, which tells of the poisoning of Maso, the miserly, dirty and very old sacristan, by his unscrupulous rival, the smart, youthful and highly-scented Tito. Mr. Ayscough writes with a delicate and sensitive touch and his book is eminently one for the reflective reader.

THE COSSACK. By Valentin Mandelstamm. Translated from the French by Mariette Soman. 5s. net. (Jarrolds.)

This striking war story of the Russian tells mainly the tragic story of a village girl from pre-war days, when she is sought in marriage by an unpleasant German who travels her district of Volhynia with ironmongery. The German is most persistent, despite Natacha's undisguised distaste for his society, and when he finds his suit refused, turns nasty, and hints at the approaching war and conditions in which she might be glad to change her mind. Then comes the invasion of Volhynia and the flight of the villagers. Only Natacha and her father are left. The threatening ironmonger, Fritch, duly returns as a truculent and vindictive Feldwebel, who digs up old weapons (which he himself had buried) to prove Natacha's father a liar. The old man is shot and the house burnt down. Natacha —no thanks to Fritch—escapes and, confident that the day will come when she shall be avenged, goes off dressed as a boy. Rescued by some Cossacks she joins with them and becomes soldier-servant to an officer whose letters to his lady-love continue much of her story. How Natacha attains her end is told simply and forcefully. It is a vivid, terrible and touching tale, one that will sadden many readers anew with a sense of the great, appalling tragedy of Russia's collapse in the moment of her seeming rebirth.

THE HOUSE OF SILENT FOOTSTEPS. By Armine Grace. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The silent footsteps cause a creaking on some stairs where no stairs seem to be, and in the end prove to be connected with the wild doings of some gentlemen burglars, who have gone into their business for the love of excitement or—the hope of wealth. Thus it is the usual perfectly unmoral story of charming sinners who gain sympathy in place of deserved disgrace. The author's style is staccato and the characterisation nil; indeed, the story depends *solely* on the effect of the adventurous risks run by the thieves, who steal into the houses of their friends and carry away priceless jewels, curios and plenitude of gold plate. The burglars call each other by such nicknames as "Sphinx," "Lightning," "Thunder," "Giant," and when they start on amorous adventures start their wooing in dominating and forceful fashion with kisses and embraces—a method which is shown to be quite successful. The author knows how to keep the reader's interest alive, but the killing of the "Sphinx" is, in all the circumstances, an error of judgment. This strongest, coolest-headed and most determined of the gang in his flight had reached safety, yet being pursued he loses his wits, ramps up and down stairs, leaves secret places open, and then sends a bullet through his unnecessarily bewildered brain. Even puppets, to be for a while convincing, should live up to their reputations. However, such a book is but the story of an hour, no matter how it ends.

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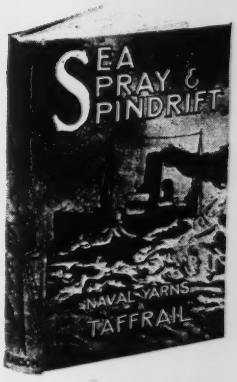

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loveliness to the earth, and then when May came as ever with bud and blossom and the song of birds:

"I could bear,
Amid the world's red guilt and black despair,
Thy wrath, I cried, but not Thy mercy, Lord!
Oh, spare me from the year's unfolding grace,
For every flower is as a two-edged sword!"

Mr. Thomas is a poet with a delicate sense of the magic and music of words; moreover, in the old phrase, he has a message, and one that is worth delivering.

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"Jesus, when the lonely dark
Presses on them like a cloud . . ."

in "A Singer in a Dublin Street," "Peace" and "On the Eve of All Souls"; and fancies of a simple, flower-like beauty, as this in "Snow-Drops,"

"Little sisters of the stars,
Daughters of the virgin snow . . ."

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